

DICK COLE • TARGET • CADET • EDISON BELL

WINTER
ISSUE

10¢

C

4 MOST



BY POPULAR DEMAND

30
PAGES
FEATURING

DICK COLE

JOHN
JORDAN

VOL.1 No.1



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

YE EDITORS' PAGE

BLUE BOLT and **TARGET COMICS** are each nearing their second birthday. These two magazines, starting from scratch, have now become two of the outstanding comics published today. They could not have attained the tremendous popularity they now enjoy if it had not been for your great assistance through your letters to the editors.

Each letter of the thousands that you, our associate editors, have written in, has been carefully read and seriously considered. Our artists and continuity writers have benefited from your suggestions and now, probably more so than most artists, are able to give you what you want.

We could not give you more pages of the Cadet in **TARGET** or Dick Cole in **BLUE BOLT** for lack of room, but **HERE THEY ARE NOW**, the four most outstanding strips from the two books you like best—placed in one magazine and delivered to you as the **4MOST** comics of 1942.

Many of your letters lead us to believe that the super-fantastic type of character is losing its popularity. We further believe that the clean living, straight shooting American boy type, such as Dick Cole, Kit Carter the Cadet, the Target and his Targeteers, or Eddie Bell and his pals will never lose their popularity. We believe that they are the modern counterpart of the foremost heroes of our great country. They represent the ideals of liberty, honor, integrity, and manhood towards which the free people of America are always striving.

It is our intention to publish **4MOST** every three months. If you would like to have it published more often, once every two months or even monthly, write us and tell us. If you are not satisfied with **4MOST** we would still like to have you write us and tell us why.

4MOST like **BLUE BOLT** and **TARGET COMICS** will pay one dollar to the writer of each letter that is published in the next issue. Print your name and complete address plainly and mail your letters to **4MOST** comics, 292 Madison Avenue, New York, New York.

Cordially yours,
The Editors.

DICK COLE

WONDER

BOY

DICK COLE -- THE
FOUNDLING
CHILD...

I'LL MAKE
YOU GREAT!

Bob Davis

SPECIAL X-RAY
TREATMENTS

HERE IT IS, GANG!

DUE TO THE FLOOD OF LETTERS FROM DICK'S
PALS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, WE HEREBY PRESENT **30
PAGES** -- 30 BANG-UP EXCITING PAGES; JAM-PACKED
FULL OF ACTION AND THRILLS -- ALL ON **DICK COLE!**
AND IN THESE PAGES WE'LL ATTEND FARR MILITARY SCHOOL
FOR AWHILE -- WE'LL TRAVEL TO A DISTANT LAND -- WE'LL --
BUT -- OH HECK -- LET'S NOT WASTE ANY MORE
TIME! TURN THIS PAGE, AND WE'LL BE OFF!

WHO IS DICK COLE?

DICK IS A FOUNDLING BOY LEFT ON
THE DOORSTEP OF THE SCIENTIST, PROF.
BLAIR...THE PROFESSOR TOOK HIM AND
RAISED HIM TO A MIRACLE OF YOUNG
MANHOOD BY A SPECIAL FORMULA WHICH
HE HAD INVENTED... ABOVE, SOME OF
THE HIGHLIGHTS OF DICK'S CAREER.

BOY
PRODIGY

WORLD
TRAVELLER

CARNEGIE MEDAL WINNER
FOR BRAVERY...

MOVIE STUNT MAN
IN HOLLYWOOD...

HONOR STUDENT
AT FARR...

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BIG NEWS!

SOME TIME AGO, A FAMOUS SCIENTIST NAMED FULTON DISCOVERED AND SUCCEEDED IN CAPTURING, A REAL LIVE GIANT DINOSAUR OF A SPECIES THOUGHT TO BE LONG EXTINCT! DR. FULTON HAS BROUGHT THE BEAST TO AMERICA, AND DICK AND SIMBA HAVE WANGLED LEAVE FROM SCHOOL TO SEE IT LANDED AT THE STATE PARK.

HOLY CATS!

WHAT A CROWD!
--OFFICIALS--RADIO
ANNOUNCERS--WE'RE
JUST IN TIME, TOO!

WHERE'S
THE
MONKEY?

WHOOPEE!
HERE SHE
COMES!

BOY!
OH,
BOY!

HI,
SAILOR!

DID YOU BRING
ALONG A DODO
BIRD, TOO?

GOSH, YES! THE CROWD'S
EXCITED, TOO! IMAGINE!
--FINDING A LIVE DINOSAUR!!
WONDER WHAT THE CRITTER
LOOKS LIKE?!!

MAMA--
WILL THE
FUNNY
ANIMAL
BITE?

DICK AND SIMBA HURRIEDLY HUNT FOR A GOOD SPOT
TO SEE THE FUN

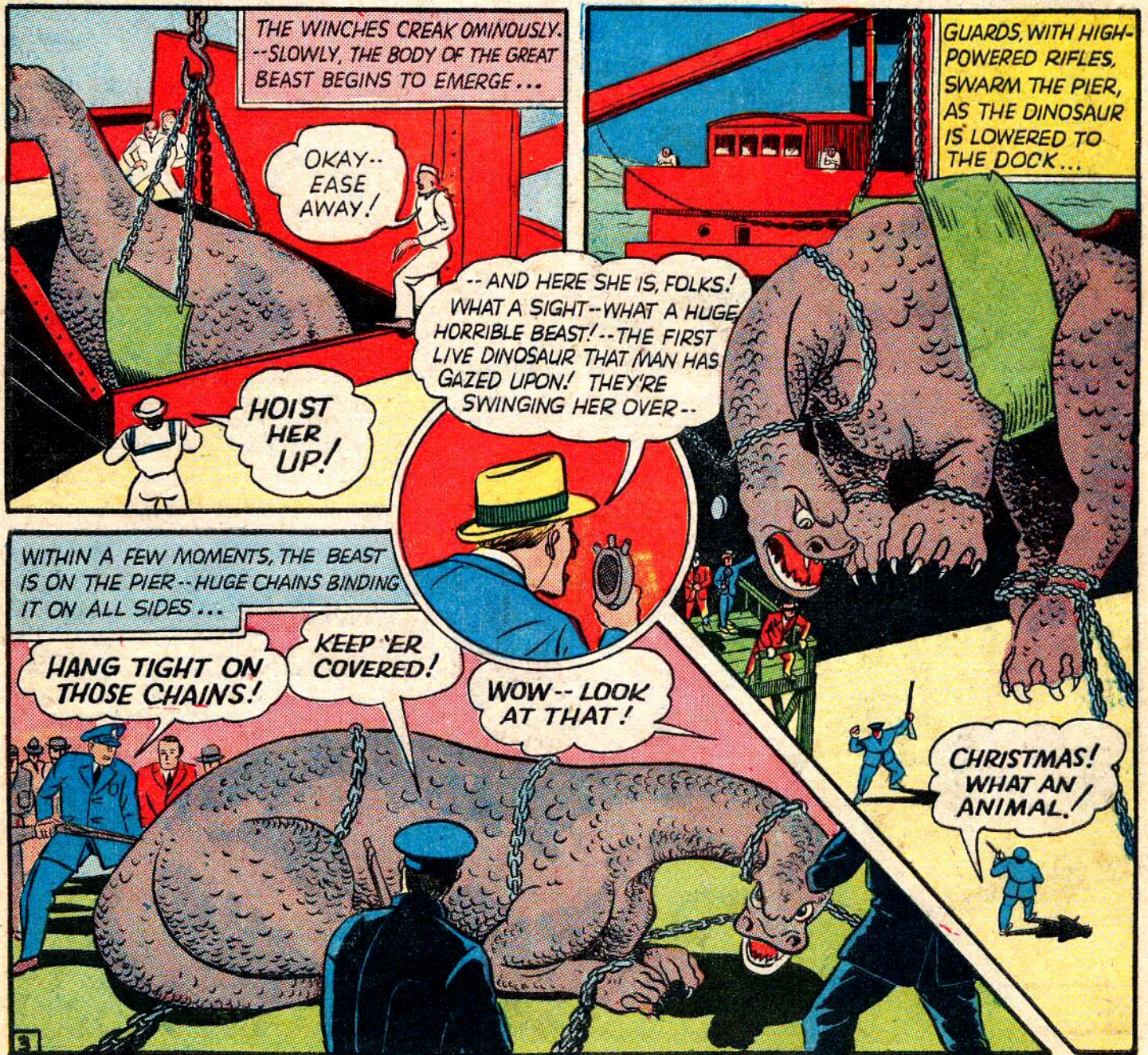
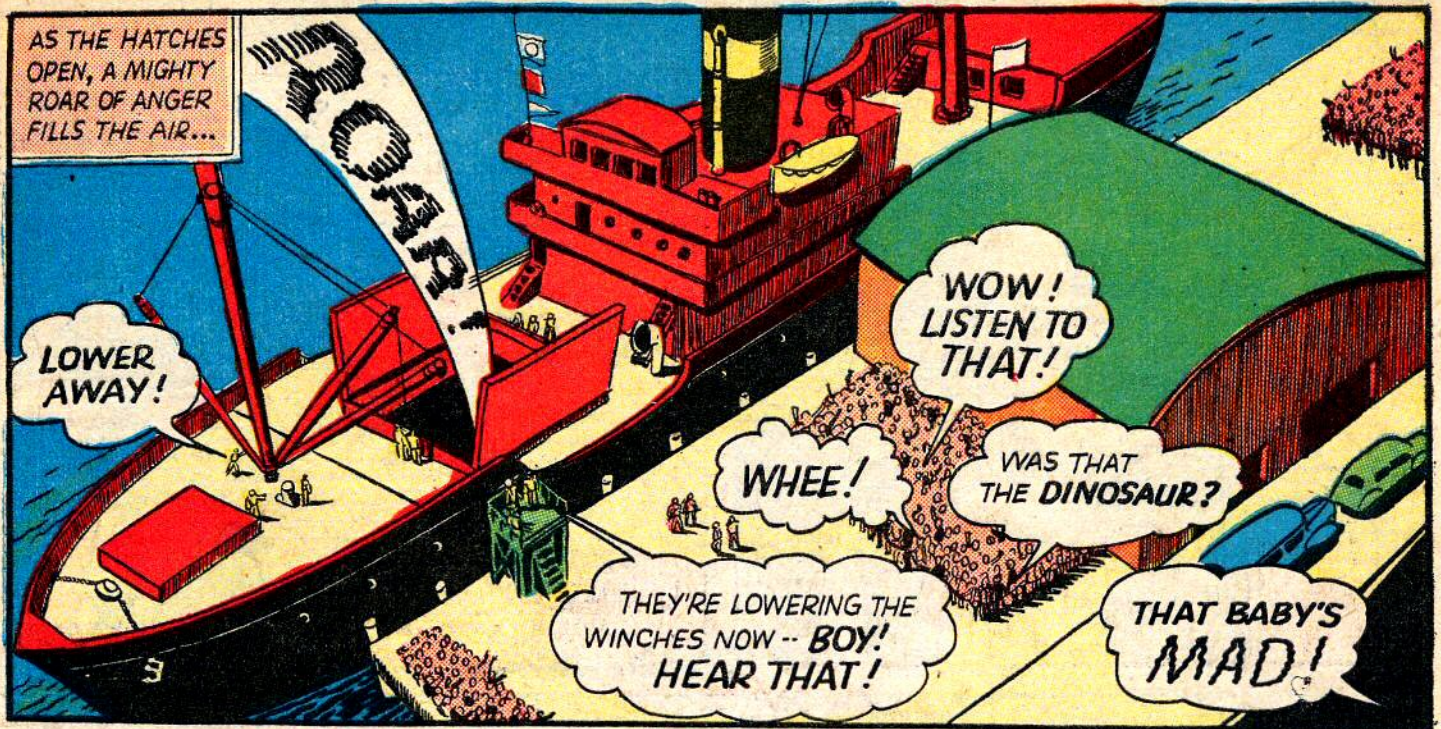
THERE'S A PLACE
--UP FRONT!

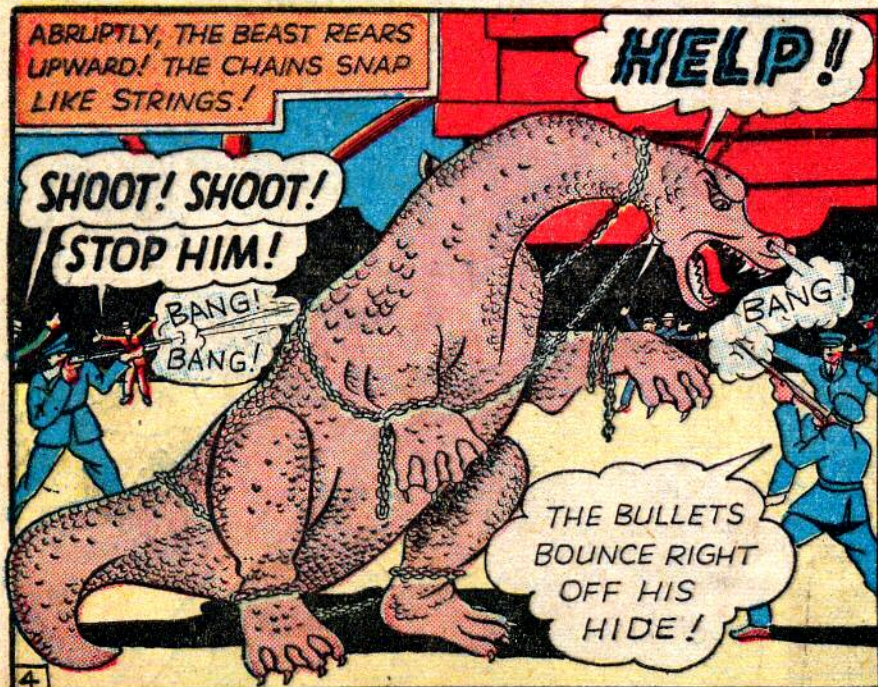
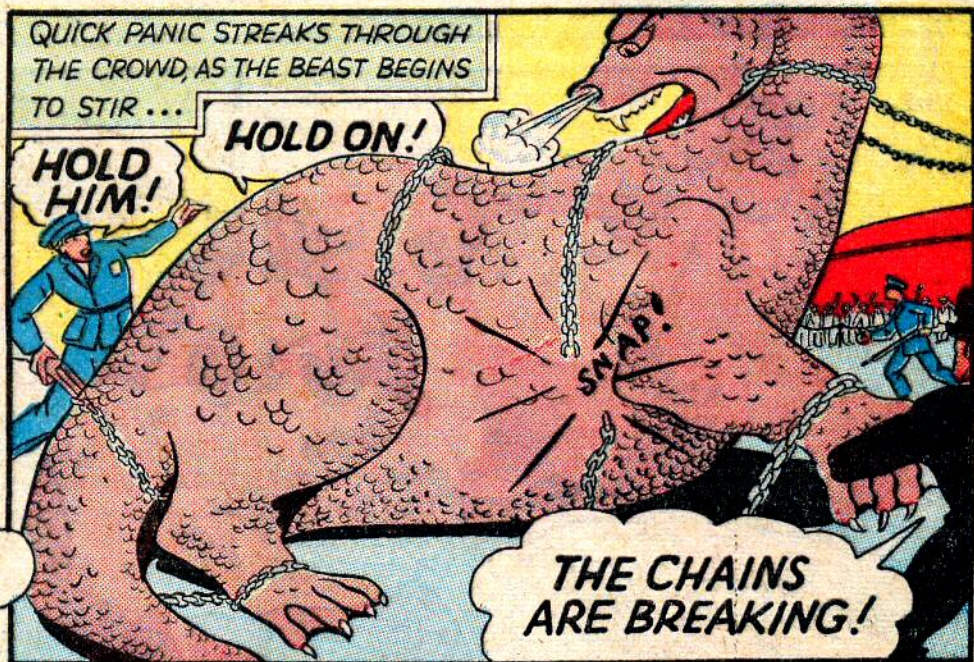
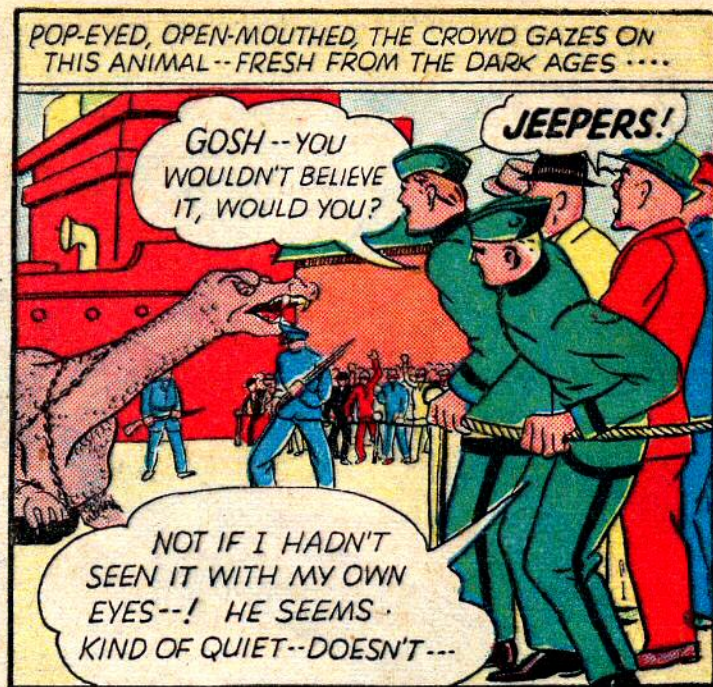
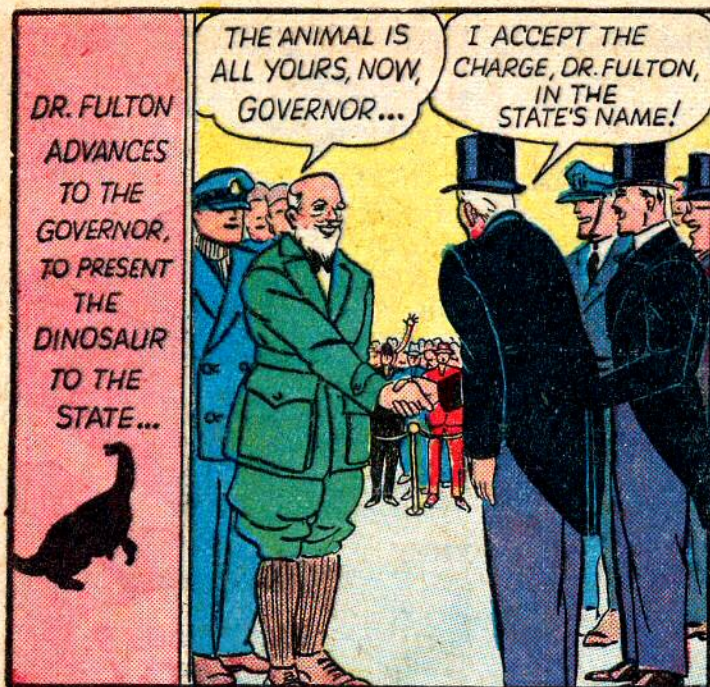
I SEE IT!
C'MON--THE FREIGHTER'S
ALL DOCKED!

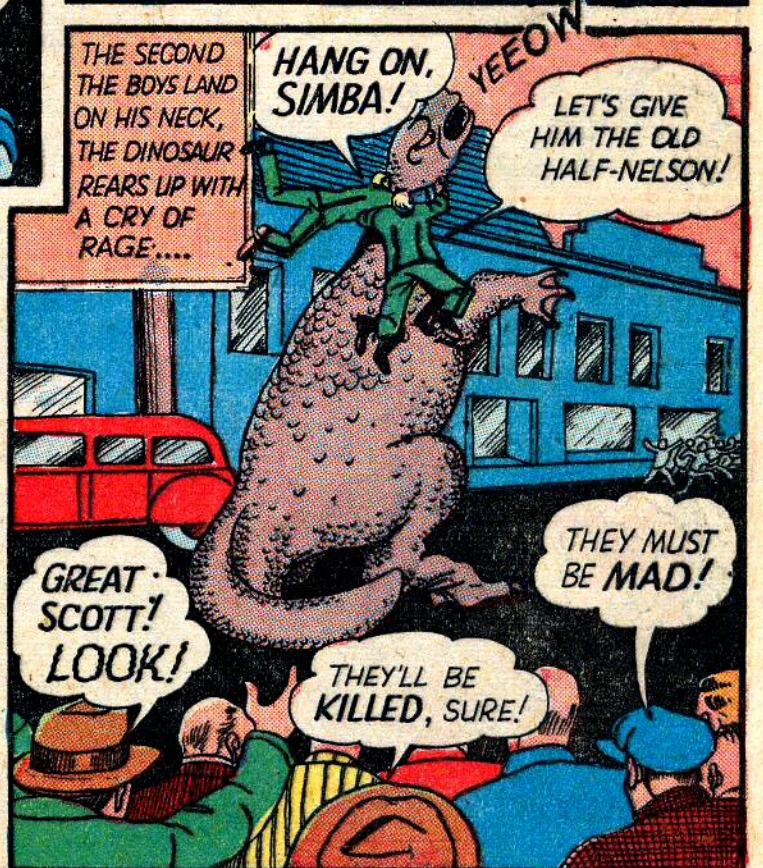
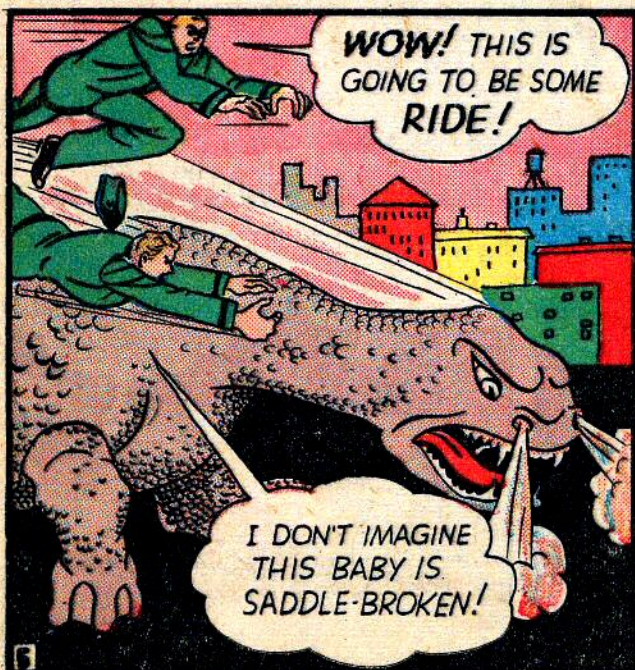
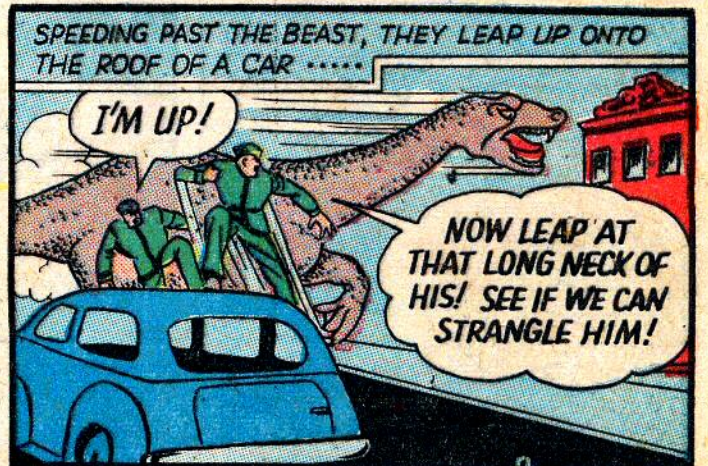
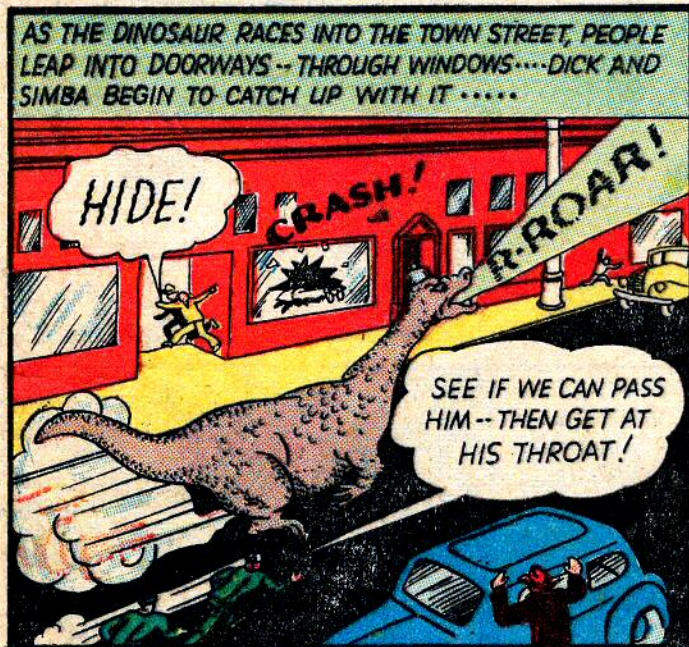
RADIO ANNOUNCERS KEEP UP A CONSTANT PATTERN,
DESCRIBING THE SCENE...

...IN A MOMENT THE HATCHES
WILL BE OPENED, AND WE'LL
GET A GLIMPSE OF DR. FULTON'S
DINOSAUR!

YES, THE
SHIP IS
HERE
NOW,
FOLKS!
ALL THE WAY
FROM
DARKEST
AFRICA!







NOW, FOR JUST A SECOND, LET'S TURN THE SPOTLIGHT ON A SMALL, BESPECTACLED BOY AMONG THE CROWD --- THIS BOY WILL BEAR WATCHING ----

CLOSELY!

LOOK AT THOSE IDIOTS! --SHOW-OFFS!--

--AND WEARING FARR UNIFORMS! TO THINK THAT I MUST ATTEND THAT STUPID SCHOOL!

AS THE CROWD GAPES WITH AMAZEMENT, THE TWO WONDER-BOYS EXERT THEIR MIRACULOUS STRENGTH ON THE DINOSAUR--IN AN EFFORT TO CUT OFF HIS WIND...

I'LL HAVE A SCISSORS ON HIS WIND-PIPE IN A MINUTE!

HANG ON, SIMBA! SQUEEZE THE GIZZARD OUT OF HIM!

WOW!

LOOK AT 'EM THRASH AROUND!

ABRUPTLY, THE HUGE BEAST FALLS OVER BACKWARDS ...

WE GOT HIM NOW!

OOOFF!

THEN, WITH A CRASH, THE DINOSAUR FLOPS TO THE GROUND, UNCONSCIOUS ...

PLOP...

THEY'VE DONE IT--GET THE CHAINS ON HER!

YOU OFF?

RIGHT!

JUBILANTLY, THE CROWD RACES IN TO SURROUND THE BOYS ...

HOLD IT, BOYS!

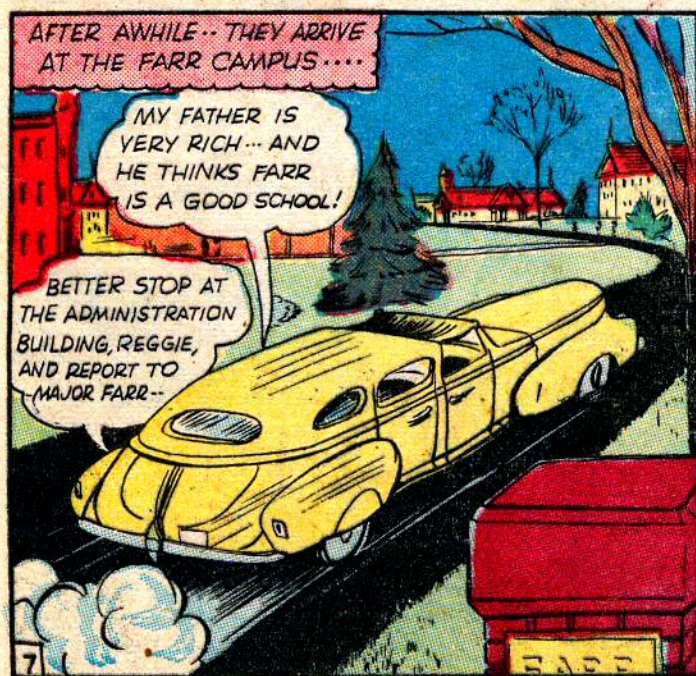
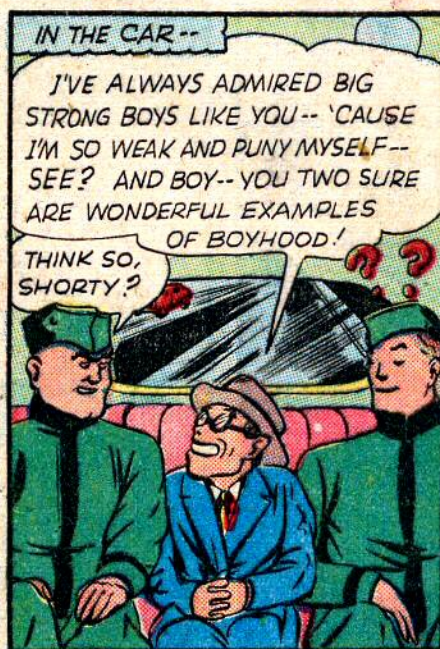
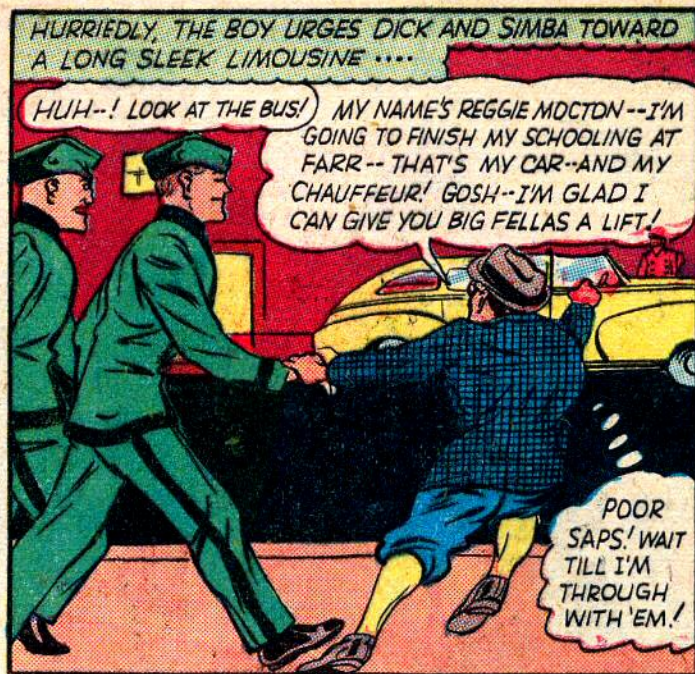
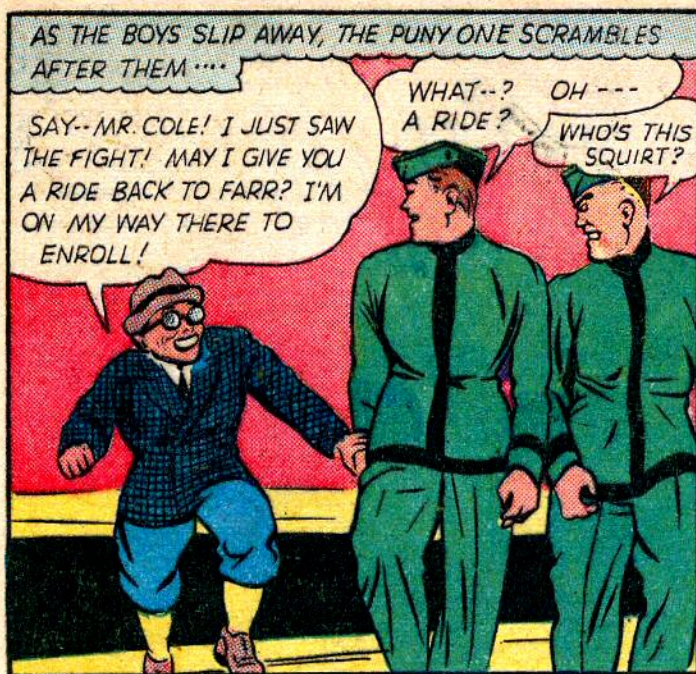
CHRISTMAS! LOOK AT THE MOB!

LET'S SCRAM!

WHAT A STORY!

SAY! YOU'RE DICK COLE, THE WONDER-BOY, AREN'T YOU, KID?

YES--BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE US--WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO SCHOOL!



AS DICK AND SIMBA DEPART, REGGIE'S FACE TWISTS INTO A HATEFUL GRIMACE....

BAH! STRONG BOYS! ATHLETES! MUSCLE LADS! THEY MAKE ME SICK! THAT STUPID COLE REMINDS ME OF THAT LOATHSOME BROTHER OF MINE! GET MY BAGS, ALEX!

ENTERING THE BUILDING, REGGIE REPORTS TO MAJOR FARR...

THIS IS THE MOCTON BOY, MAJOR. HE JUST ARRIVED!

GLAD TO WELCOME YOU TO FARR, REGINALD! --AND I HOPE YOU ENJOY YOUR STAY WITH US!

THANK YOU MAJOR--I KNOW I SHALL!

NOW, LET'S LOOK BACK FOR A MOMENT ON THE LIFE OF THIS SMALL, MOROSE BOY! WHAT KIND OF MIND IS BEHIND THOSE GLASSES? IS IT WARPED AND TWISTED LIKE HIS FRAIL BODY?

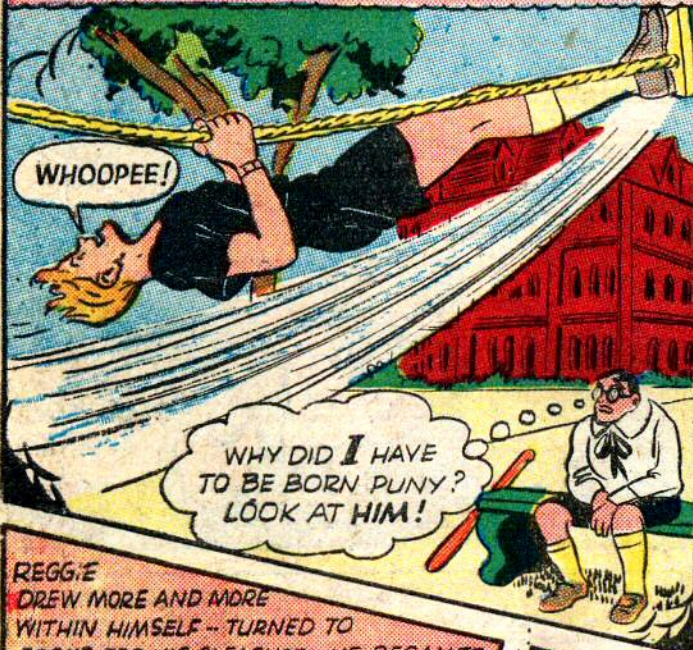
WHY?

REGGIE WAS BORN INTO A GREAT, WEALTHY FAMILY...HE WAS SMALL AND SICKLY FROM BIRTH--A STRONG CONTRAST TO HIS OLDER BROTHER, STEVEN..

STEVE WAS GAY, ATHLETIC, AND LIKED BY ALL... HE WAS THE IDOL OF ALL OTHER BOYS, PRAISED AND WORSHIPPED BY HIS PARENTS... REGGIE WAS QUIET, BROODING....

STEVE SUCCEEDED IN EVERYTHING HE ATTEMPTED.

REGGIE BEGAN TO DEVELOP A JEALOUSY OF STEVE'S STRONG BODY --THAT SOON BECAME A MANIA-- SOON EXTENDED ITSELF TO ANY BOY WHO WAS STRONG.

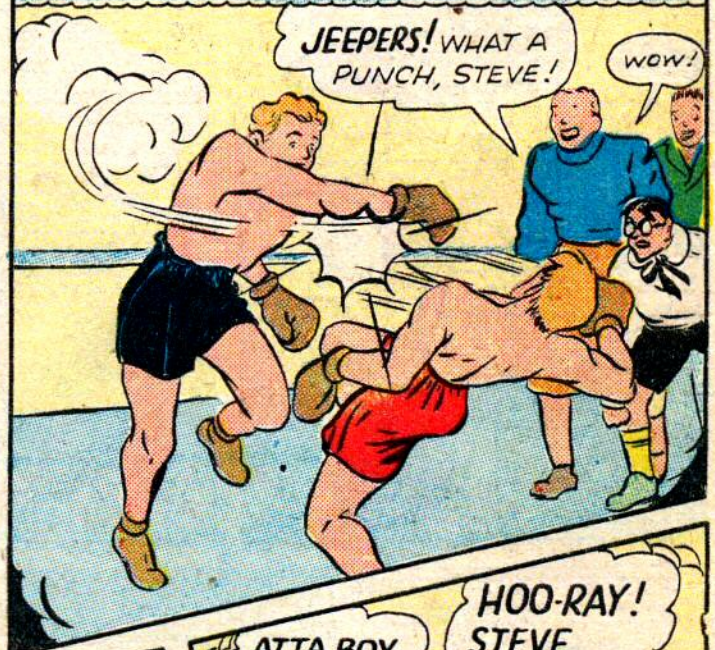


WHOOPEE!

WHY DID I HAVE TO BE BORN PUNY? LOOK AT HIM!

REGGIE DREW MORE AND MORE WITHIN HIMSELF--TURNED TO BOOKS FOR HIS PLEASURE--HE BEGAN TO PORE OVER THE ANCIENT FORMULAS OF WITCHES, SORCERERS, MAGIC, ETC....

AHH! THIS IS THE STUFF FOR ME! I'LL LEARN HOW THE ANCIENTS TOOK CARE OF THEIR ENEMIES...



JEEPERS! WHAT A PUNCH, STEVE!

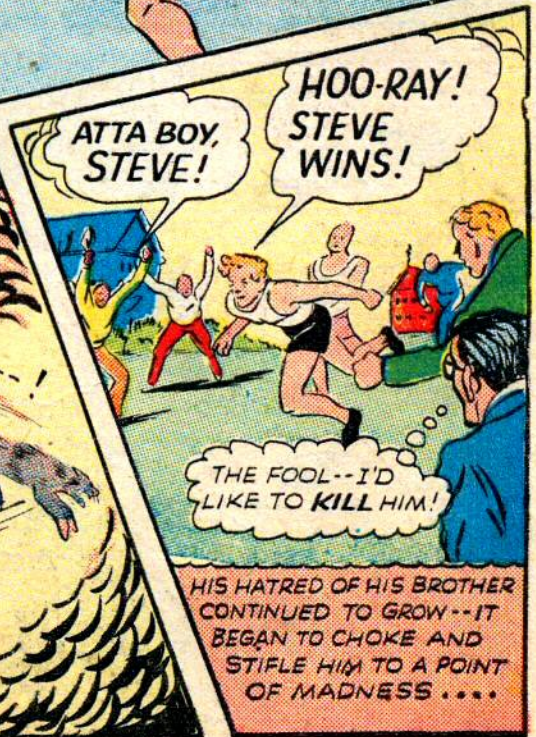
WOW!



HEH-HEH-HEH! HAW-HAW!

MEOW--!

TO RELIEVE HIS BITTERNESS OF SPIRIT, HE TORTURED SMALLER AND WEAKER BEINGS-- AND WITH GREAT GLEE!



ATTA BOY, STEVE!

HOO-RAY! STEVE WINS!

THE FOOL--I'D LIKE TO KILL HIM!

HIS HATRED OF HIS BROTHER CONTINUED TO GROW--IT BEGAN TO CHOKE AND STIFLE HIM TO A POINT OF MADNESS....

ONE DAY, WHEN THE TWO BROTHERS WERE SIGHT-SEEING IN NEW YORK, REGGIE HIT UPON A SCHEME OF FOUL REVENGE... HE LURED STEVE TO THE TOP OF A TALL BUILDING...



SUDDENLY--AS STEVE LEANS OVER THE PARAPET--

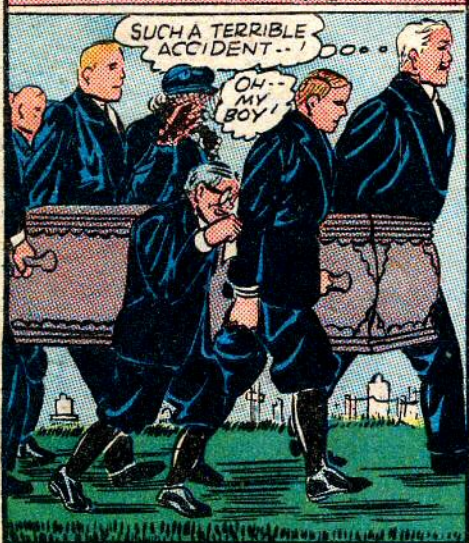
THERE! THERE YOU GO-- YOU CONCEITED BEAST! DIE! DIE!



...AND DOWN WENT STEVE TO HIS DEATH!



AT THE FUNERAL, REGGIE FEIGNED SORROW BUT UNDERNEATH HE GLOATED-- NOW IT WAS HIS TURN...



BUT AS THE MONTHS PASSED, REGGIE'S GRIEVING PARENTS CONTINUED TO IGNORE HIM... HE BECAME MORE SLY AND BITTER THAN EVER-- UNMANAGEABLE... ONE DAY, THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN SPOKE TO REGGIE'S FATHER...

FRED-- THAT BOY IS BECOMING A BAD MENTAL CASE! 'HE'S CLOSE TO INSANITY-- RESULT OF HIS DEFORMED BODY AND JEALOUSY OF NORMAL BOYS!' YOU MUST WATCH HIM!



BUT THE FATHER'S ATTENTION CAME TOO LATE! REGGIE REPULSED HIM, AND WITHDREW INTO HIS SECRET BOOKS-- SCHEMED AND PLANNED MORE REVENGE AGAINST THE WORLD OF THE STRONG AND HEALTHY... ONE DAY...



THE SPELLBOUND ALEX PRESENTED THESE GRUESOME TROPHIES TO HIS MASTER THE NEXT MORNING...

HERE, MASTER REGGIE—AS YOU ORDERED..

WELL—HE HEE! VERY GOOD, ALEC! IT WORKED! SOON YOUR SPELL WILL BE GONE AND YOU'LL BE YOURSELF AGAIN! HEH—HEH!

BUT YOU WON'T REMEMBER ANY OF THIS!

AFTER THIS PROOF OF HIS POWER, REGGIE WORKED NIGHT AND DAY TO PERFECT HIS DEVILISH CONCOCTION...

HA—IT'S GETTING BETTER!! NOW—ANYBODY—ANYBODY WHO DISPLEASES ME CAN BE PUT IN MY POWER—JUST ONE SWIG OF THIS!

AND THUS DID REGGIE REAP HIS REVENGE—FROM A SCORE OF BIGGER LADS. HE WOULD GIVE THEM A DRINK OF HIS POTION—THEN INSTRUCT THEM TO GET INTO A JAM.

IT'S SWELL STUFF, BILLY! TRY A GULP! JUST ONE! OKAY!

AND THAT BRINGS US UP TO DATE ON REGGIE—A HALF-MAD, FRUSTRATED BOY WHO HATES THE WORLD....

AS THE DAYS PASS AT FARR, HIS HATE AND BITTERNESS BECOME FOCUSED ON DICK AND SIMBA. HOW CAN HE SHAME THEM, AND RUIN THEIR JOYFUL YOUNG LIVES?

LOOK AT THEM FLEXING THEIR DOG-LIKE MUSCLES! HOW DISGUSTING!

ALL YOURS, DICK!

RIGHT, SIMBA!

HIS JEALOUSY OF THEIR PROWESS AND POPULARITY BEGINS TO CONSUME HIS VERY INSIDES—HIS MIND—HIS HEART....

HI—VA, SHORTV!

HI, REGGIE!

HI—BOYS!

THE IDIOTS! THAT STUPID COLE REMINDS ME OF MY BROTHER

I WONDER IF I COULD GET A DRINK OF MY POTION INTO THEM?

REGGIE DECIDES TO TRY HIS LUCK.. ONE NIGHT HE PROPOSITIONS SIMBA

HEY, SIMBA! C'MON AND HAVE SOME REFRESHMENTS! C'MON—A DRINK!

NO THANKS SHORTY... GOTTA STUDY...

A FEW DAYS LATER HE TRIES DICK....

C'MON UP TO MY ROOM, DICK, AND HAVE SOMETHING TO DRINK. I'VE GOT SOME DANDY TONIC!

CAN'T REG. I'M OFF TO THE LIBRARY!

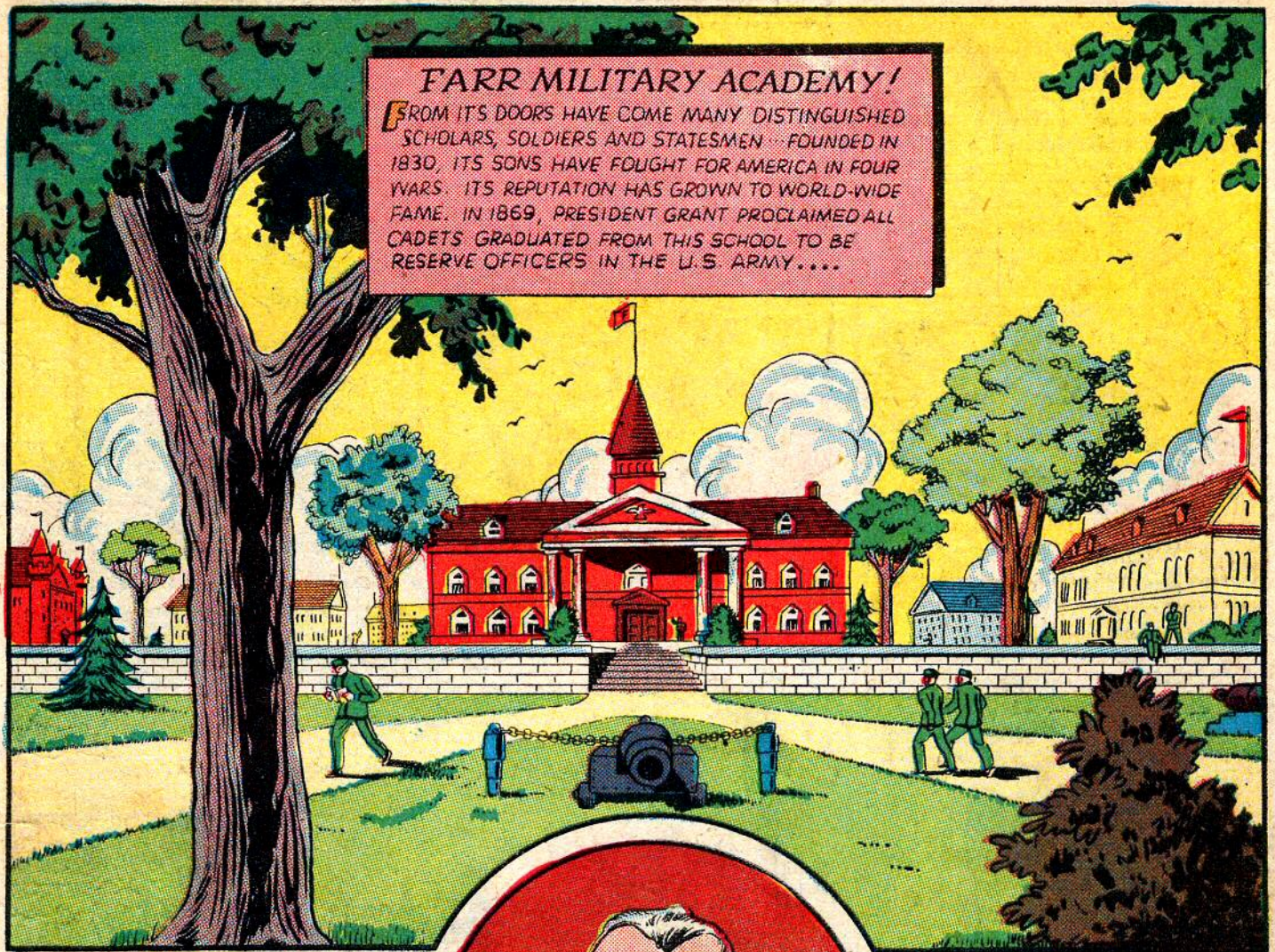
AND SO IT GOES....

GO AHEAD—SHUN ME, YOU FAT-HEAD! I'LL GET TO YOU! I'LL DOCTOR YOUR MILK AT MESS ONE OF THESE DAYS! THEN YOU'LL DANCE

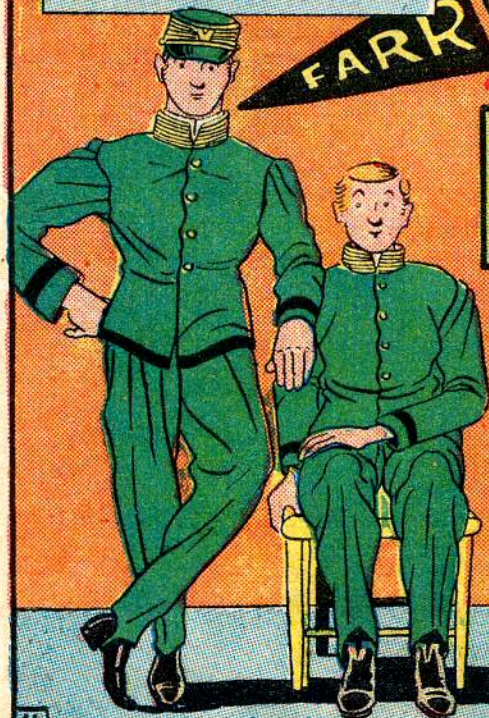
NOW—FOR JUST A SHORT BREATHING SPELL—LET'S LEARN SOMETHING ABOUT OLD FARR M.A. ITSELF—WHO FOUNDED THE SCHOOL? WHAT'S IT LIKE TO GO THERE...?

FARR MILITARY ACADEMY!

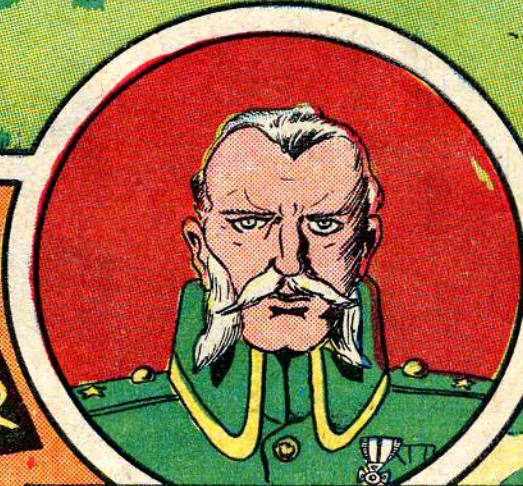
FROM ITS DOORS HAVE COME MANY DISTINGUISHED SCHOLARS, SOLDIERS AND STATESMEN... FOUNDED IN 1830, ITS SONS HAVE FOUGHT FOR AMERICA IN FOUR WARS. ITS REPUTATION HAS GROWN TO WORLD-WIDE FAME. IN 1869, PRESIDENT GRANT PROCLAIMED ALL CADETS GRADUATED FROM THIS SCHOOL TO BE RESERVE OFFICERS IN THE U.S. ARMY....



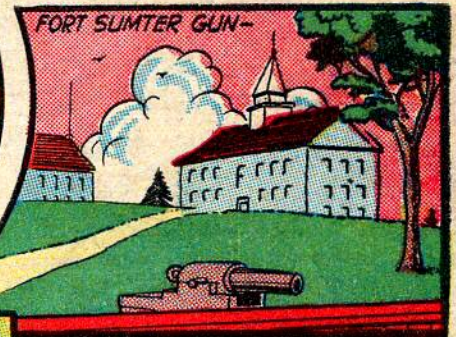
BELOW, YOU SEE A FARR CADET OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, WEARING THE FARR UNIFORM OF THAT PERIOD.



THIS IS THE FIRST MAJOR FARR -- FOUNDER OF THE SCHOOL AND GREAT GRANDFATHER OF THE PRESENT MAJOR FARR ... UPPER RIGHT: FARR M.A. IN 1855 ...



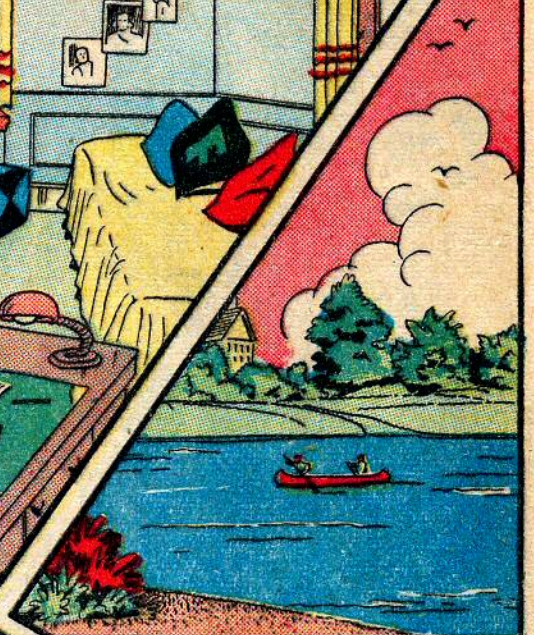
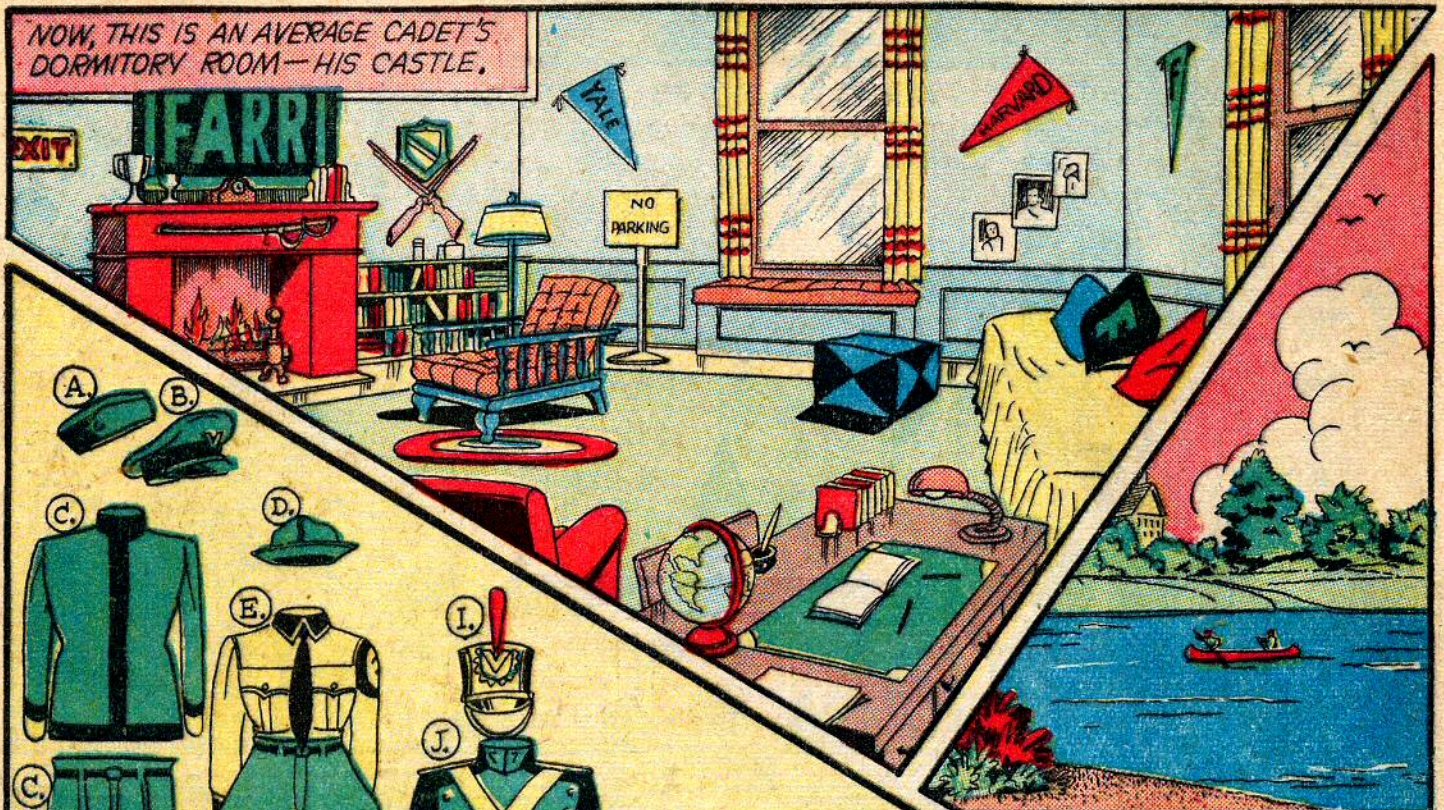
FORT SUMTER GUN--



THE FARR CODE...

WE, MEN OF FARR, SOLEMNLY PLEDGE:
TO BE EVER KIND, COURTEOUS,
AND HONORABLE ...
TO RESPECT AND OBEY THE
WILL OF GOD AT ALL TIMES ...
TO WORK HARD AND TO PLAY
HARD, AS BECOMES OUR RACE...
TO FIGHT FOR FREEDOM, AND
DEFEND OUR FLAG, THE FRUITED
PLAINS, AND THE PURPLE
MOUNTAINS OF OUR GLORIOUS
LAND --- AMERICA!

NOW, THIS IS AN AVERAGE CADET'S DORMITORY ROOM—HIS CASTLE.

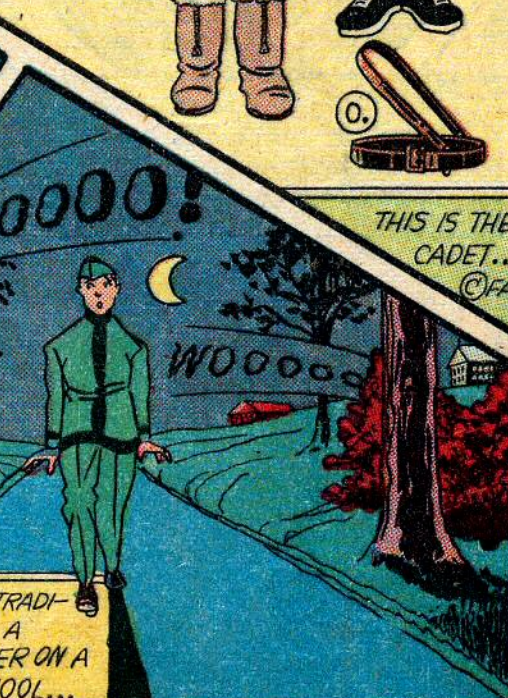


ONE OF THE MOST PLEASANT SPOTS ON THE FARR CAMPUS IS ACADEMY LAKE—A FUN MECCA IN AUTUMN, WINTER, SPRING AND SUMMER.



THIS IS THE EQUIPMENT ISSUED TO EACH FARR CADET.... A. CAMPAIGN CAP—B. VISORED CAP—C. FATIGUE UNIFORM—D. SUN HAT—E. MARCHING UNIFORM—F. OXFORDS—G. SPURS—H. BOOTS—I. SHAKO—J. FULL-DRESS UNIFORM—K. OVERCOAT—L. SNOW BOOTS—M. GYM SUIT—N. SNEAKERS—O. SAM BROWN BELT—P. DRESS CAPE—Q. REVOLVER—R. RIFLE—S. SWORD.

FROM THAT DAY ON, THE ROAD HAS BEEN KNOWN AS THE "HAUNTED ROAD" AND EVERY NEW PLEBE HAS HAD TO PROVE HIS SALT BY TREADING IT ON A DREARY NIGHT—WHILE HIS SCHOOL MATES HOOT AT HIM FROM THE BUSHES.



FARR IS A SCHOOL RICH IN TRADITION. ONE NIGHT, YEARS AGO, A FARMER COMMITTED A MURDER ON A LONELY ROAD BACK OF THE SCHOOL...

... FROM SUNRISE TO SUNSET ...

THE AVERAGE DAY OF A **FARR** CADET!



HASN'T ANYBODY MURDERED THAT BUGLER YET?

TA-TA-TA-TA!

AT 7 A.M. THE CLEAR CLARION CALL OF THE DORM'S BUGLER GETS HIM OUT OF BED....



IN CASE YOU'RE NOT HUNGRY, MATE, I'LL FINISH THAT FEED FOR YOU!

DON'T WORRY, SWEETHEART! I CAN HANDLE IT!

7.30.... BREAKFAST! FRUIT JUICE-CEREAL-TOAST-EGGS-BACON-JAM-MILK! GOOD, TOO!



8:30... CLASSES!

GOOD!

WE'RE GOING TO BE LATE FOR TRIG AGAIN!!



GANGWAY, LADS! THIS IS THE PONY EXPRESS!

NAB HIM!

NEXT, COMES LUNCH—THEN MORE CLASSES—SPORTS AND PLAY TIL 5 P.M.



AT 5.30, THE ENTIRE STUDENT BODY TURNS OUT IN FULL DRESS TO PARADE AND TAKE IN THE COLORS.



SO EDDIE TOLD PROF. WILSON TO GO FLY A KITE!

HA, HA!

GOOD BOY! WONDER IF THE PROF HAS A KITE?

FROM 8 O'CLOCK UNTIL 10.30, IT'S STUDY—BONING FOR EXAMS, ETC...



NOW, LET'S SEE—"TO BE OR NOT TO BE; THAT IS THE QUESTION. WHETHER 'TIS NOBLER IN MIND TO SUFFER THE SLINGS AND—"

QUIET!



ALL TUCKED IN, LADS?

ALL TUCKED IN, MR. OFFICER!

AT 11 P.M. IT'S LIGHTS OUT AND TAPS, AND THOSE WHO AREN'T IN BED—... WELL—THEY'D BETTER BE!

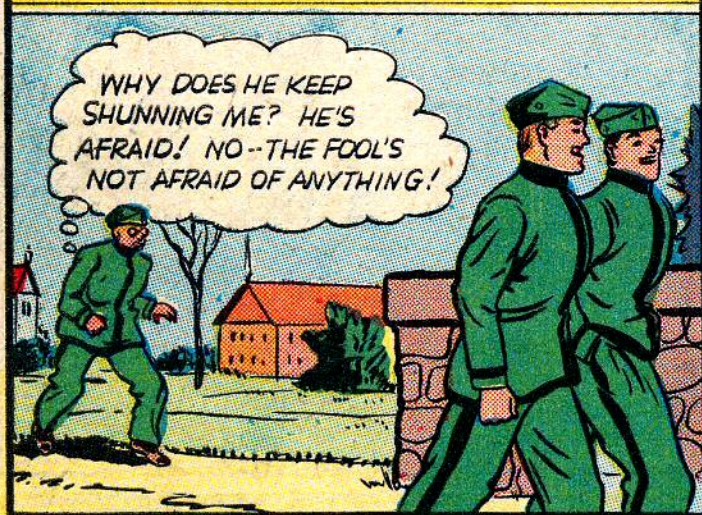


PSST! UNOFFICIAL! OCCASIONALLY, THERE IS A LITTLE MIDNIGHT SNEAK DOWN TO THE DORM PANTRY FOR A RAID ON THE ICE-BOX... BUT DON'T TELL ANYBODY!

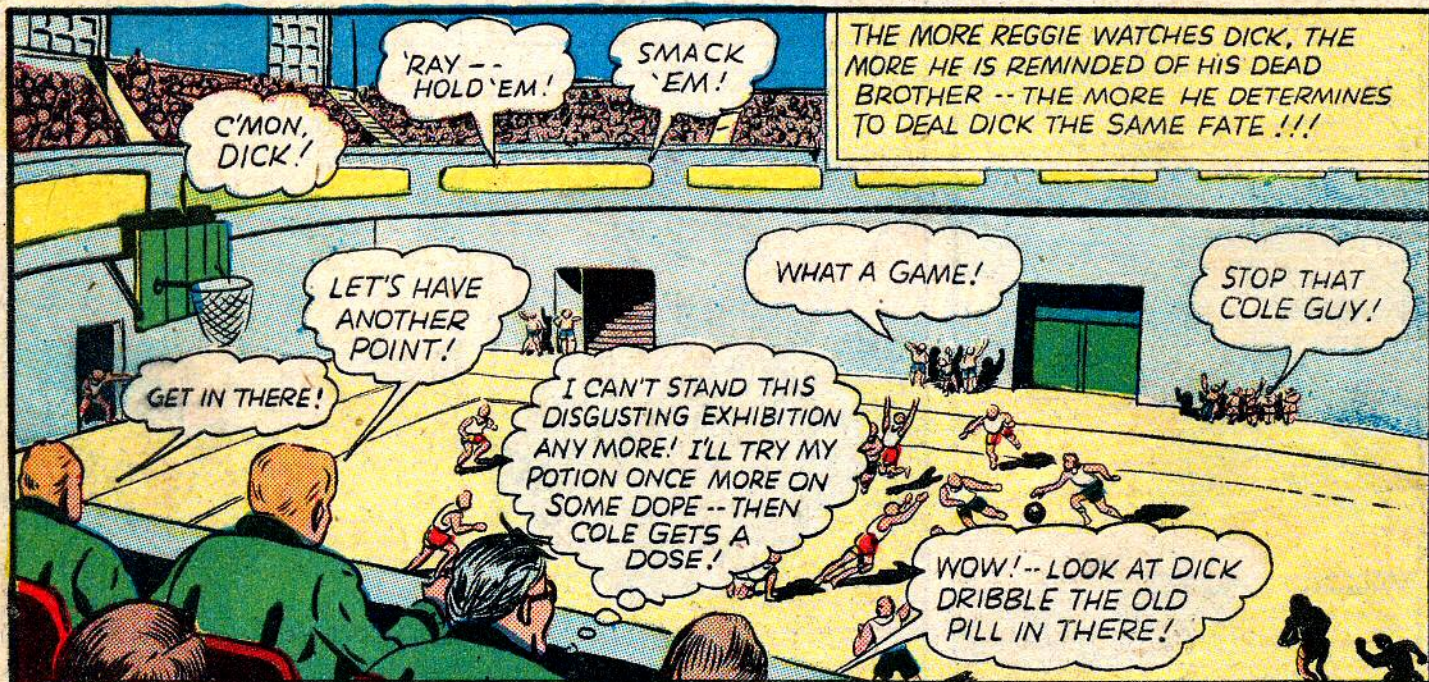
WE'RE COMIN'!

ALL CLEAR MATES! C'MON!

NOW, LET'S GET BACK TO BUSINESSAT FARR--
REGGIE'S JEALOUS HATRED OF DICK HAS NOW
BECOME A MANIA -- CONSTANTLY, HE SHADOWS
AFTER DICK, NURSING HIS HATRED AND WATCHING
FOR AN OPPORTUNITY TO GIVE IT VENT



HE CONTINUES HIS OVERTURES OF FALSE FRIENDSHIP
BUT DICK INSTINCTIVELY KEEPS AWAY FROM REGGIE



SO--TO ASSURE HIMSELF
ONCE MORE OF HIS POTION'S
POWER, REGGIE EXPERIMENTS
WITH AN UNSUSPECTING CADET...

DRINKING THE POTION, FRANK IMMEDIATELY
BECOMES DIZZY

THAT NIGHT THE POOR SPELL-
BOUND CADET SNEAKS INTO
TOWN AND STEALS A CAR...

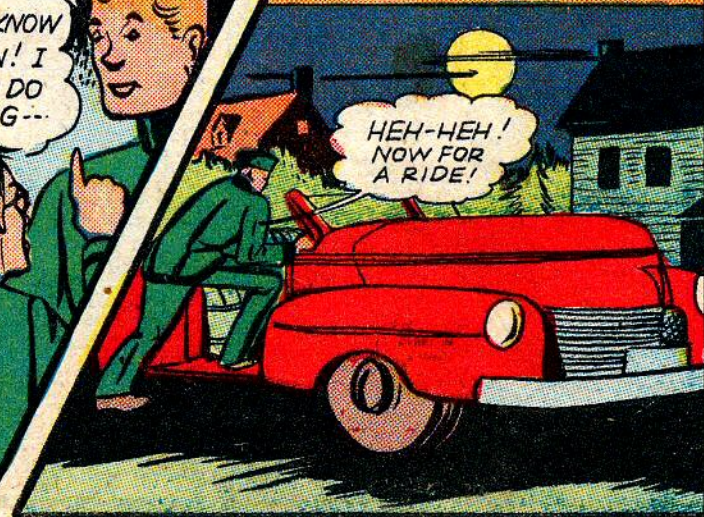
HERE YOU ARE, FRANK!
TRY THIS TONIC! IT'S
GREAT! NO KIDDING!

GOSH--I FEEL FUNNY!

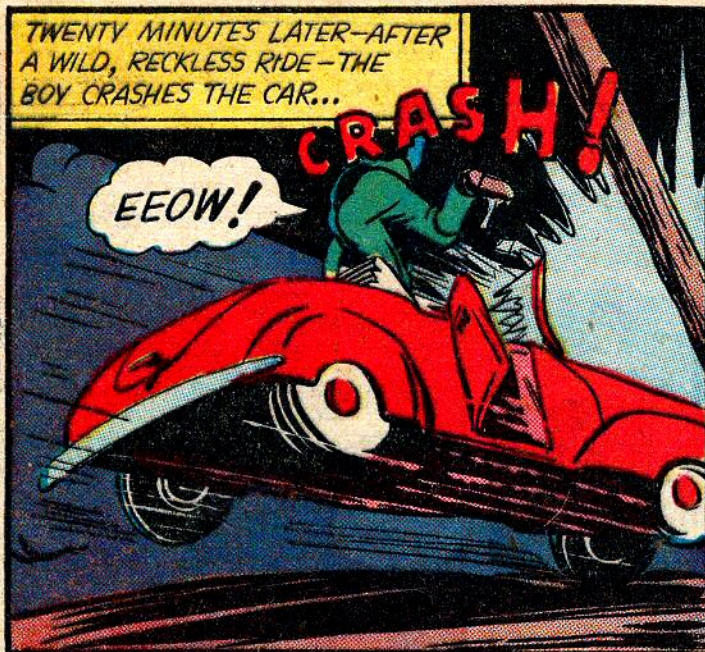
HA! YOU DO! I KNOW
IT! NOW LISTEN! I
WANT YOU TO DO
SOMETHING--

GEE--THANKS,
REGGIE!

HEH-HEH!
NOW FOR
A RIDE!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER—AFTER A WILD, RECKLESS RIDE—THE BOY CRASHES THE CAR...



OF COURSE, THE LUCKLESS LAD IS CAUGHT, DISGRACED, AND EXPELLED FROM FARR....

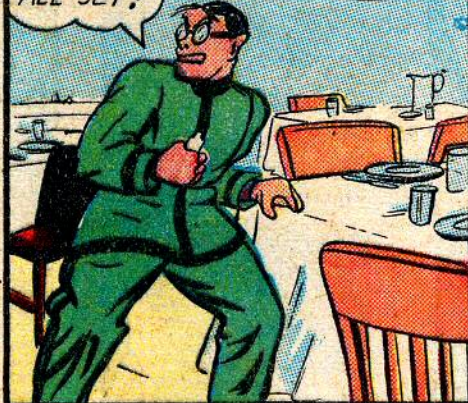
I CAN ONLY REPEAT, SIR—I HAVE NO REMEMBRANCE OF MY ACTIONS, NOR HAVE I THE FAINTEST IDEA WHY I DID THEM!

I'M SORRY THAT YOU PERSIST IN THAT ATTITUDE. I CAN DO NOTHING BUT EXPEL YOU!



JUBILANTLY, REGGIE SETS HIS PLAN FOR DICK'S DOWNFALL.... A FEW NIGHTS LATER, HE MANAGES TO SNEAK INTO THE MESS HALL AHEAD OF TIME—WITH HIS POTION....

NOW! HERE'S MY PERFECT CHANCE! NOBODY AROUND—TABLES ALL SET!



COLE'S GLASS! HERE YOU ARE BOY! DRINK IT—GUZZLE IT! LET ITS SWEET PERFUME SIZZLE INTO YOUR BRAIN!



TONITE COLE WILL OBEY ME LIKE A LAP-DOG!

A LITTLE LATER—AT MESS—



S'MATTER, DICK? DON'T YOU FEEL SO GOOD?

NO-O--- FEEL FUNNY—GUESS I'LL GO TO MY ROOM—NOT HUNGRY....

NO SOONER IS DICK IN HIS ROOM THAN THE DOOR CREAKS OPEN....



I'LL TELL YOU, DICK—BECAUSE YOUR MIND IS NOT YOUR OWN ANY MORE, DICK!! IT'S MINE! I'VE MADE MYSELF YOUR MASTER, DICK—FROM NOW ON YOU ARE GOING TO DO EXACTLY AS I TELL YOU—UNDERSTAND? DO YOU?



YES, REGGIE—YES—

FINE, FINE! NOW YOU AND I ARE GOING OUT—

DICK, COMPLETELY UNDER REGGIE'S SPELL, NOW FOLLOWS HIM LIKE A SHEEP. REGGIE LEADS DICK TO A FIELD IN BACK OF FARR, WHERE ALEX IS WAITING WITH A SMALL PLANE... REGGIE EXPLAINS HIS PLAN...

THIS IS GOING TO BE GREAT FUN, DICK! WE'RE GOING TO GLIDE LOW OVER THE DIXON AIRPLANE FACTORY—DROP YOU ON THE ROOF! YOU ARE TO ENTER THE MANAGER'S OFFICE AND STEAL THE BLUE-PRINTS MARKED, G-21, FROM HIS SAFE.... UNDERSTAND? THEN YOU MUST BRING THEM TO ME! SEE?

I SEE.

I HAVE THE ACETYLENE TORCH, MASTER REGGIE!

THE PLANE TAKES OFF....

YOU WILL USE THIS TORCH TO CUT THROUGH THE SAFE, DICK! IT WILL GO THROUGH IT LIKE CHEESE!

YES, REGGIE...

WITHIN A FEW MINUTES THEY ARE GLIDING OVER THE DEFENSE FACTORY. DICK DESCENDS THE ROPE.

REMEMBER, DICK—THE MANAGER'S OFFICE!!!

RIGHT!

A SECOND LATER, DICK DROPS....

THE MANAGER'S OFFICE—SAFE—BLUE-PRINTS—G-21—

WITH THE CUNNING OF AN ANIMAL, DICK FINDS HIS WAY TO THE DESERTED MANAGER'S OFFICE...

FUNNY—FOR ME TO BE DOING THIS! I WONDER WHY—REGGIE—

FINDING THE SAFE, DICK SETS TO WORK—HIS MIND SPINNING AROUND REGGIE'S HYPNOTIC SUGGESTIONS....

THIS IS FUN—PLANS—SAFE—

AT LAST HE GETS THE SAFE OPEN, FINDS THE BLUEPRINTS...

THERE! NOW I MUST GET OUT—TAKE THESE TO REGGIE!

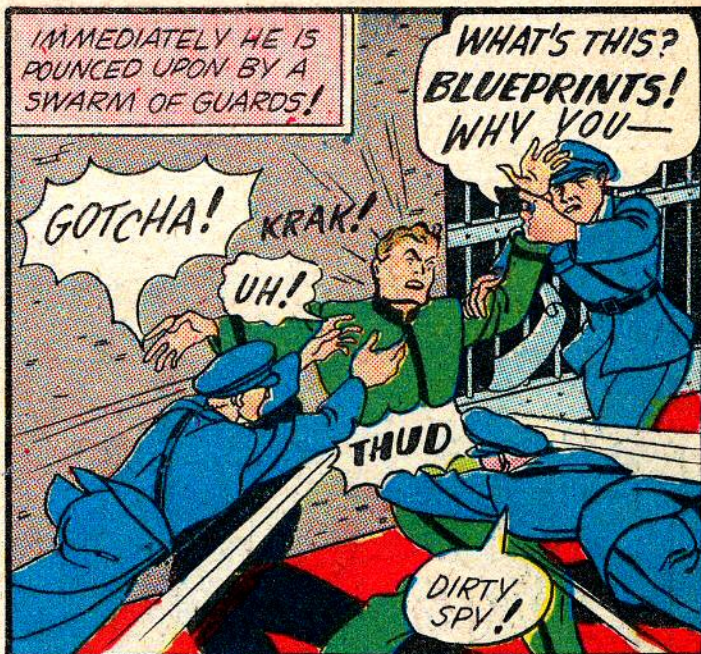
HOW DO I ESCAPE? NO EXIT—MEN WITH GUNS—WHAT?—HOW!—

BEWILDERED—DICK DARTS ABOUT LIKE A CORNERED ANIMAL....

SEEING THAT THERE IS NO ESCAPE, DICK LEAPS UPON THE IRON GATE INTENDING TO CLIMB UP- AND OVER.... BUT.... AS HE TOUCHES IT A RAUCOUS ALARM SOUNDS!



IMMEDIATELY HE IS POUNCED UPON BY A SWARM OF GUARDS!



CAUGHT WITH THE PLANS, AND IN THE ACT OF ESCAPING, DICK IS THROWN INTO JAIL!



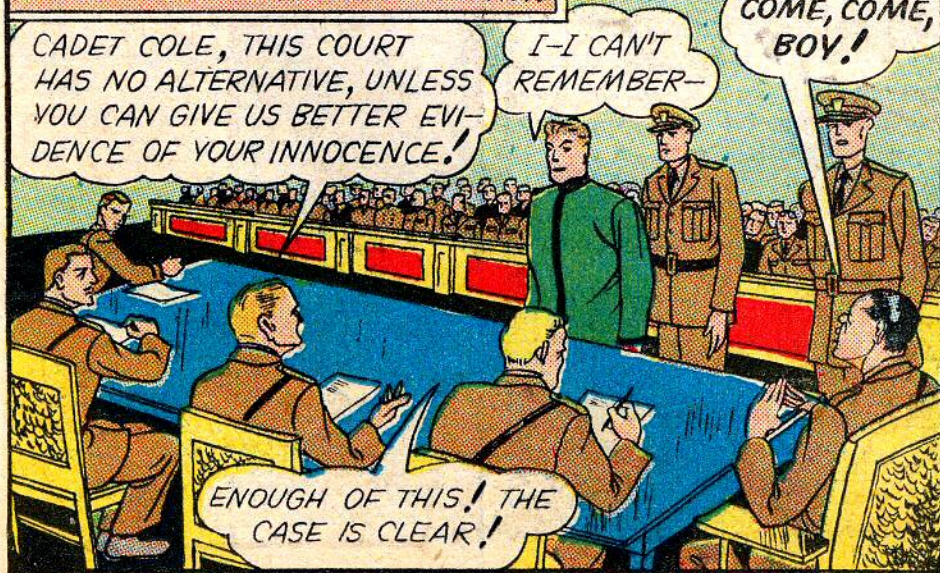
THE STORY OF DICK'S ATTEMPT TO STEAL THE SECRET GOVERNMENT PLANS CAUSES WIDE SPECULATION. HAS HE TURNED TRAITOR? IS HE IN THE PAY OF A FOREIGN POWER? THESE ARE THE QUESTIONS ASKED BY EVERYONE! MAJOR FARR IS DUMBFOUNDED AT DICK'S UNEXPLAINABLE CONDUCT. PROFESSOR BLAIR IS AMAZED! BUT—THE FACTS ARE PLAIN!



AN ARMY OFFICER FROM THE NEARBY FORT JORDAN CALLS ON MAJOR FARR....



SO, DICK COLE IS TRIED FOR TREASON BEFORE A MILITARY COURT. THE EVIDENCE IS CONCLUSIVE—DICK HAS NO DEFENSE. HE JUST DOESN'T REMEMBER....



CADET RICHARD COLE—JUNIOR RESERVE OFFICER OF THE U.S. ARMY—HAVING BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF A TREASONOUS ACT, IS HEREBY CONDEMNED TO DEATH BY FIRING SQUAD!



WHEN THE NEWS REACHES FARR, THE BOYS ARE FLABBERGASTED! STUNNED AND INCREDULOUS, THEY STAND IN GROUPS.



PROF. BLAIR VISITS DICK IN HIS CELL AT FORT JORDAN.... AWAITING HIS DEATH!



THAT NIGHT, SIMBA, ALONE IN HIS ROOM—BROODS OVER HIS BEST FRIEND'S FATE....



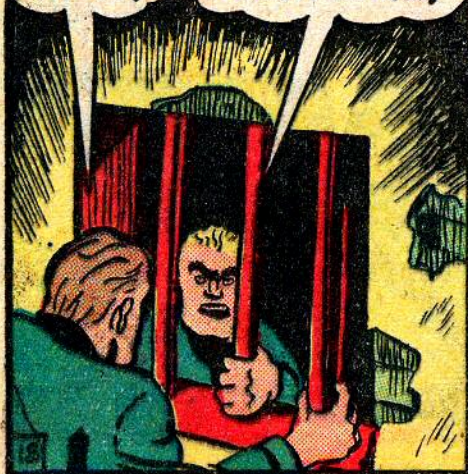
SIMBA GOES TO FORT JORDAN.... SNEAKS IN AND LOCATES DICK'S CELL WINDOW.... CLIMBS UP....



SIMBA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I'VE COME TO SPRING YOU! COME ON! HELP ME PULL THESE BARS OUT. QUICK!



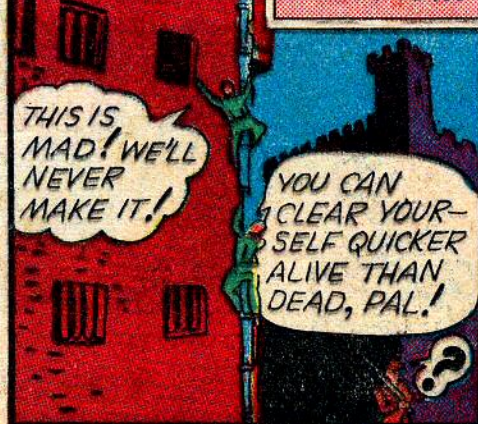
ARE YOU CRAZY? I'VE BEEN TRIED AND FOUND GUILTY!
NUTS! YOU'RE NOT GUILTY OF ANYTHING! YOU KNOW THAT! C'MON! GRAB THESE BARS!



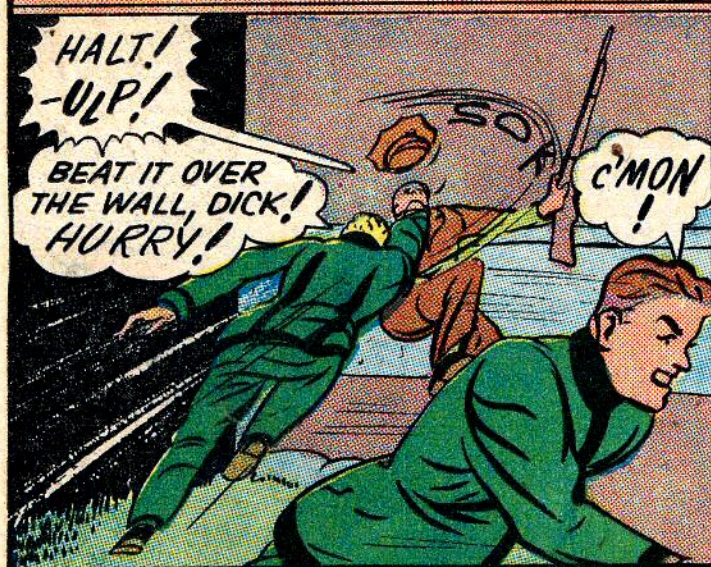
BUT SIMBA, THAT DOESN'T MEAN A THING! YOU THEY CAUGHT ME IN THE PLACE—WOULDN'T DO I HAD—A THING LIKE THAT IN YOUR RIGHT MIND!



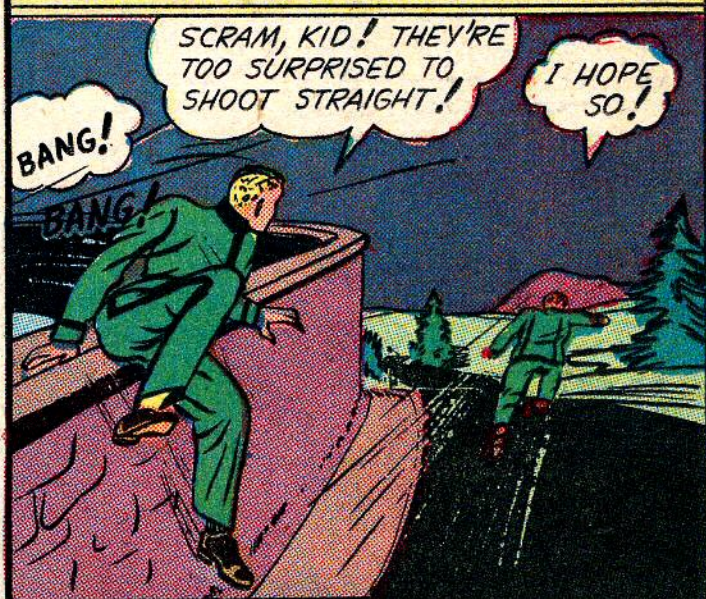
BEFORE HE REALIZES IT, DICK IS HALF WAY DOWN THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING.... ESCAPING...



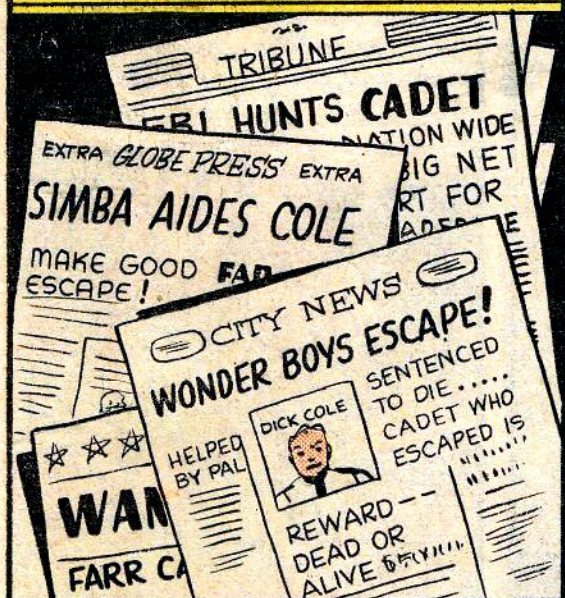
AS THEY REACH THE GROUND, THEY ARE SIGHTED BY A GUARD—SIMBA SWINGS INTO ACTION.



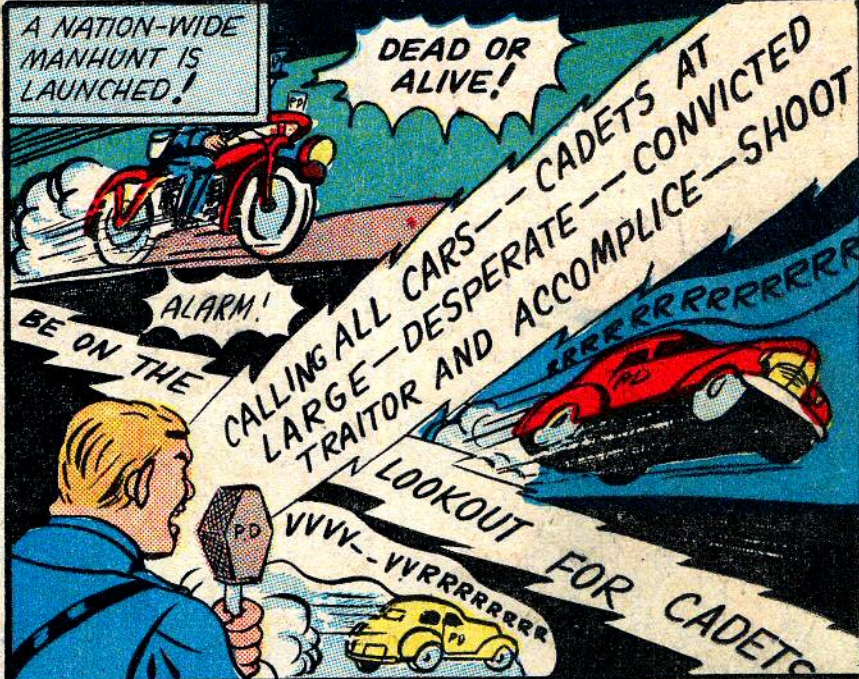
—AMID A VOLLEY OF SHOTS—THEY ESCAPE!



WITHIN A FEW HOURS, THE PRESS OF THE NATION SCREAMS OUT THE NEWS...



A NATION-WIDE MANHUNT IS LAUNCHED!



NOW, FOR JUST A SECOND, LET'S SWITCH BACK TO REGGIE. WITH DICK OUT OF THE WAY, HE BEGINS A CAMPAIGN TO POPULARIZE HIMSELF WITH THE CADETS. HIS FIRST STEP IS TO BUY THE FAMOUS FULTON DINOSAUR.

THAT'S RIGHT GANG. JUST RECEIVED THE ACCEPTANCE TELEGRAM! IT COST MY DAD A FORTUNE—BUT IT'LL MAKE SOME MASCOT, EH!?



IMAGINE! A DINOSAUR FOR A MASCOT!



IN A FEW DAYS, THE NEW MASCOT IS DELIVERED! THE ACADEMY TURNS INTO A BEDLAM OF REJOICING!!!

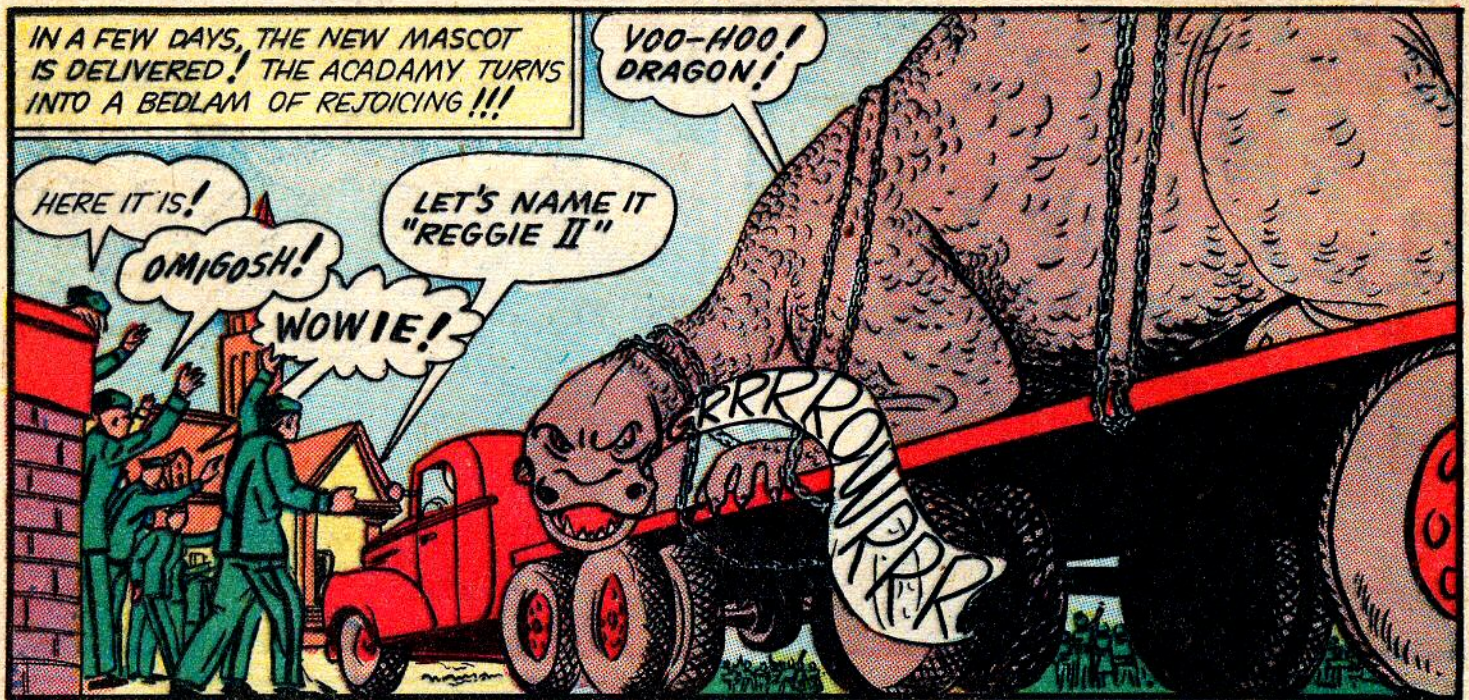
VOO-HOO!
DRAGON!

HERE IT IS!

OMIGOSH!

LET'S NAME IT
"REGGIE II"

WOWIE!



REGGIE PLAYS HIS HAND
TO THE FULLEST!

IT'S ALL YOURS FELLOWS! IT
BELONGS TO FARR!

WHAT
A GUY!

GOOD BOY!



WHILE REGGIE REVELS
IN "GOODFELLOWSHIP,"
DICK AND SIMBA LEARN
THE MEANING OF THE
WORD "HARDSHIP". DODGING
THE POLICE—HIDING IN
DAMP WOODS AND SWAMPS,
FOREVER ON THE RUN, THEY
REALIZE THEY'LL HAVE TO
DECIDE ON A DEFINATE
PLAN! SIMBA SUGGESTS
LEAVING THE COUNTRY TILL
THE POLICE AND G-MEN
BECOME LESS PERSISTANT.



HOW ABOUT
GOING TO
ENGLAND
AND JOINING
THE R.A.F.,
SIMBA?

SOUNDS OKAY
TO ME—BUT
HOW'RE WE
GOING TO GET
THERE—FLY?



DAYS LATER THEY COME
TO A BRIDGE OVER A
LARGE RIVER...

DICK! SEE THAT BOAT?
IT'S CAMOFLAGED! IT'S
GOING TO THE WAR
ZONES! GAME TO
JUMP HER?

RIGHT! JUMP,
BUDDY—I'M ON
YOUR TAIL!



IN A DARING, SPECTACULAR
JUMP, THE WONDER BOYS
LEAVE THE HIGH BRIDGE!

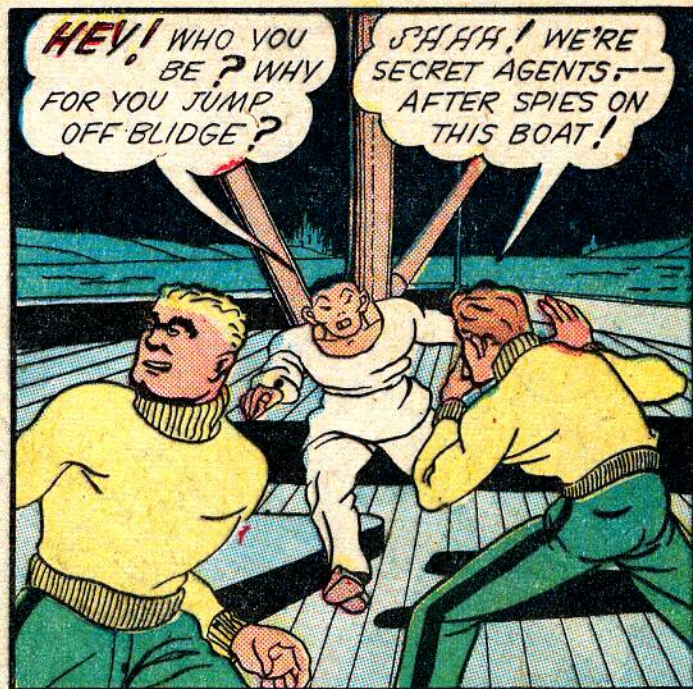
LOOK OUT
BELOW!

GOING
DOWN!





THEY LAND SAFELY ON THE FOREDECK!



THE CHINESE BELIEVES DICK'S CONVINCING STORY, AND SOON ARRIVES WITH FOOD!

AND SO, THREE DAYS LATER, FINDS OUR HEROES FAR AT SEA....

WHAT NEXT, SIMBA?

TAKE IT EASY, PAL—THIS TRIP IS ON ME!



THIS COAL BIN IS REAL COMFORT!



OH-OH, COMPANY!

IS THAT A NICE WAY TO TALK TO GUESTS?

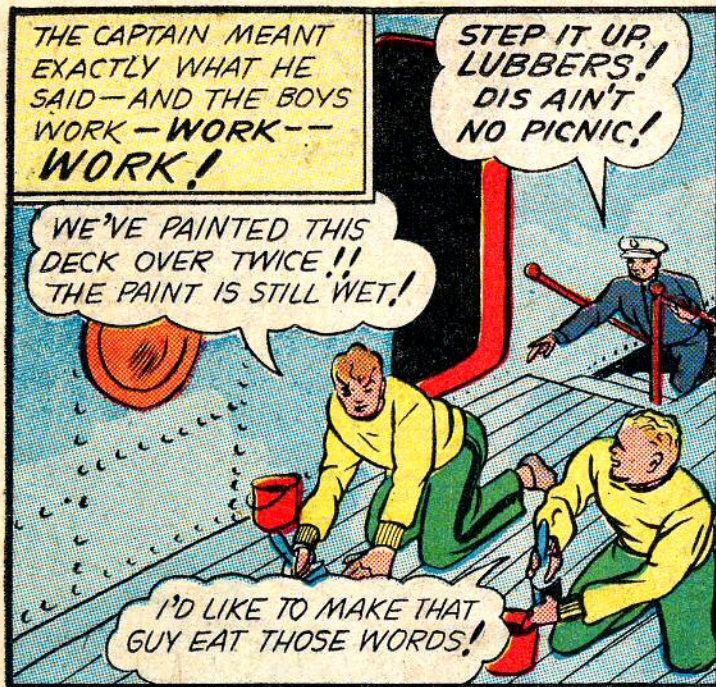


GLEEFULLY, THE FIRST MATE TAKES HIS PRIZE BEFORE THE CAPTAIN!

STOWAWAYS! BUMS IN STOLEN UNIFORMS!

HUH! THESE KIDS LOOK FAMILIAR! I KNOW, IT'S THAT COLE KID AND HIS PAL! WELL, TRAITORS—YOU'LL WORK YOUR WAY ACROSS AND BACK—THEN BACK TO THE AUTHORITIES YOU GO!

HMM—PLEASANT LOOKING CHAP!

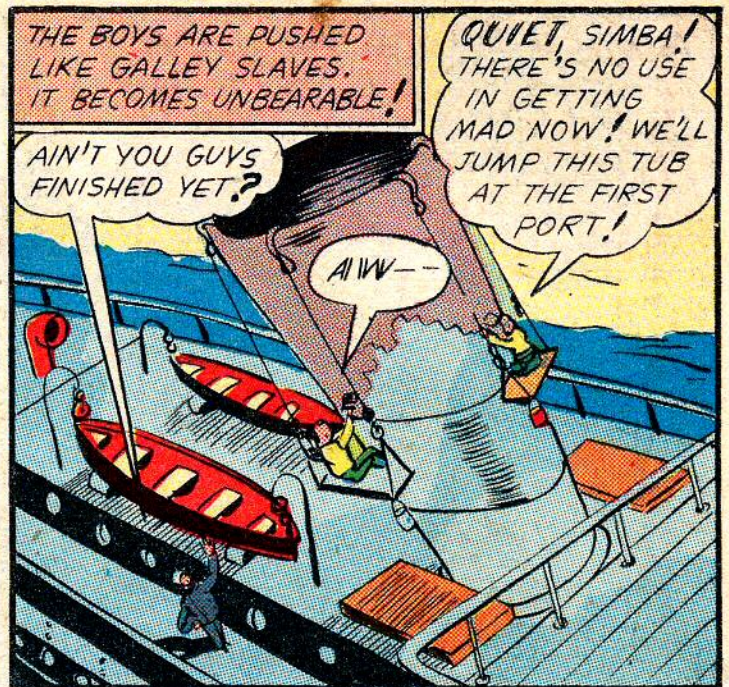


THE CAPTAIN MEANT EXACTLY WHAT HE SAID—AND THE BOYS WORK—**WORK—WORK!**

STEP IT UP, LUBBERS! DIS AIN'T NO PICNIC!

WE'VE PAINTED THIS DECK OVER TWICE!! THE PAINT IS STILL WET!

I'D LIKE TO MAKE THAT GUY EAT THOSE WORDS!

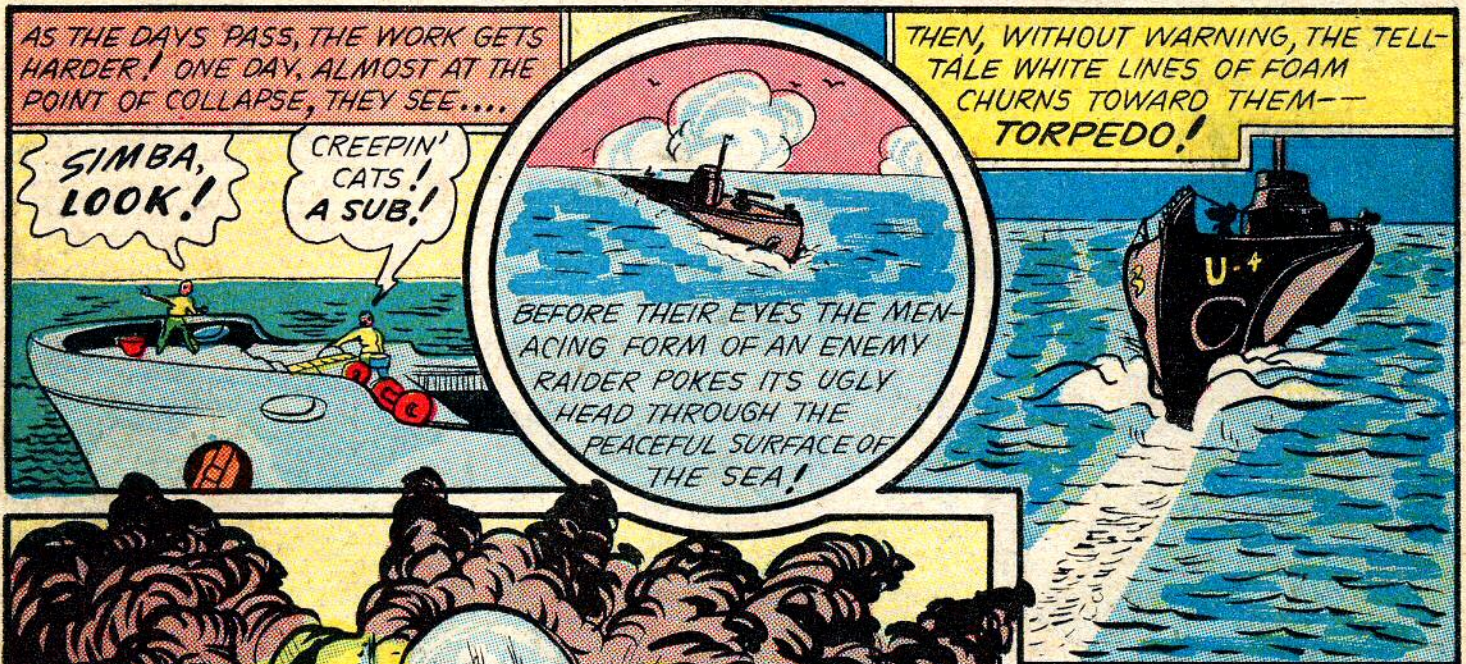


THE BOYS ARE PUSHED LIKE GALLEY SLAVES. IT BECOMES UNBEARABLE!

AIN'T YOU GUYS FINISHED YET?

QUIET, SIMBA! THERE'S NO USE IN GETTING MAD NOW! WE'LL JUMP THIS TUB AT THE FIRST PORT!

AIIW—



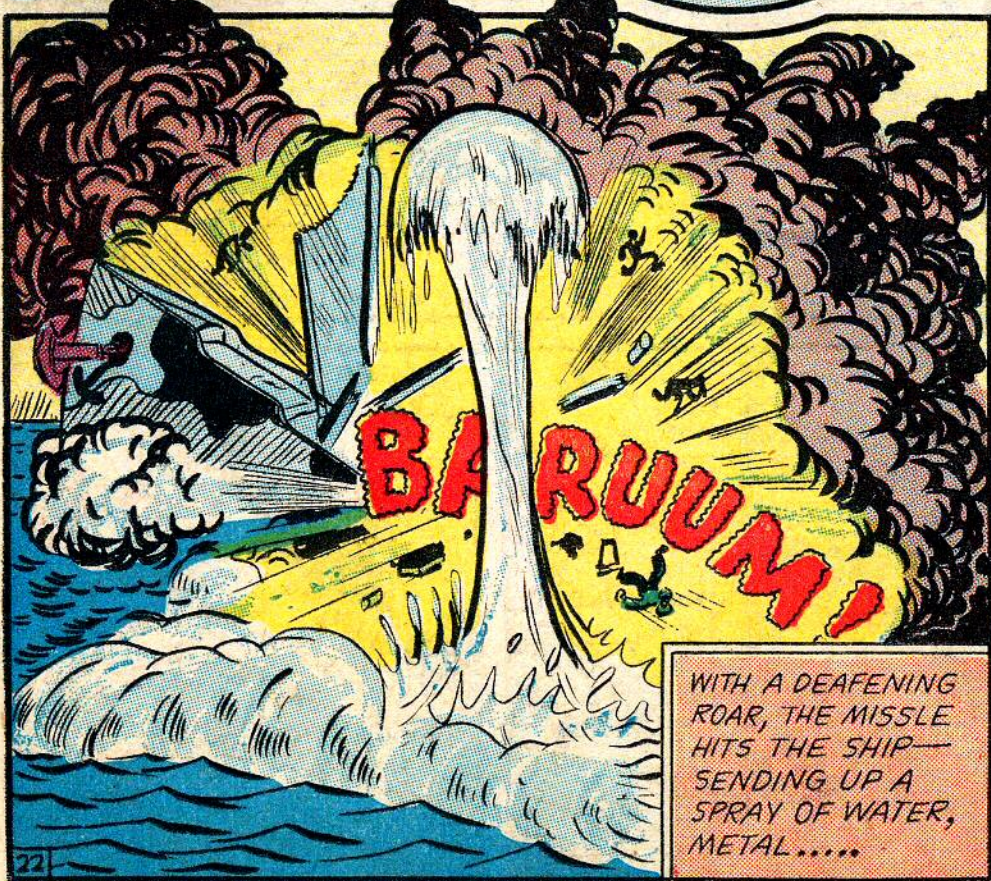
AS THE DAYS PASS, THE WORK GETS HARDER! ONE DAY, ALMOST AT THE POINT OF COLLAPSE, THEY SEE....

THEN, WITHOUT WARNING, THE TELL-TALE WHITE LINES OF FOAM CHURNS TOWARD THEM—**TORPEDO!**

SIMBA, LOOK!

CREEPIN' CATS! A SUB!

BEFORE THEIR EYES THE MENACING FORM OF AN ENEMY RAIDER POKES ITS UGLY HEAD THROUGH THE PEACEFUL SURFACE OF THE SEA!



WITH A DEAFENING ROAR, THE MISSILE HITS THE SHIP—SENDING UP A SPRAY OF WATER, METAL.....

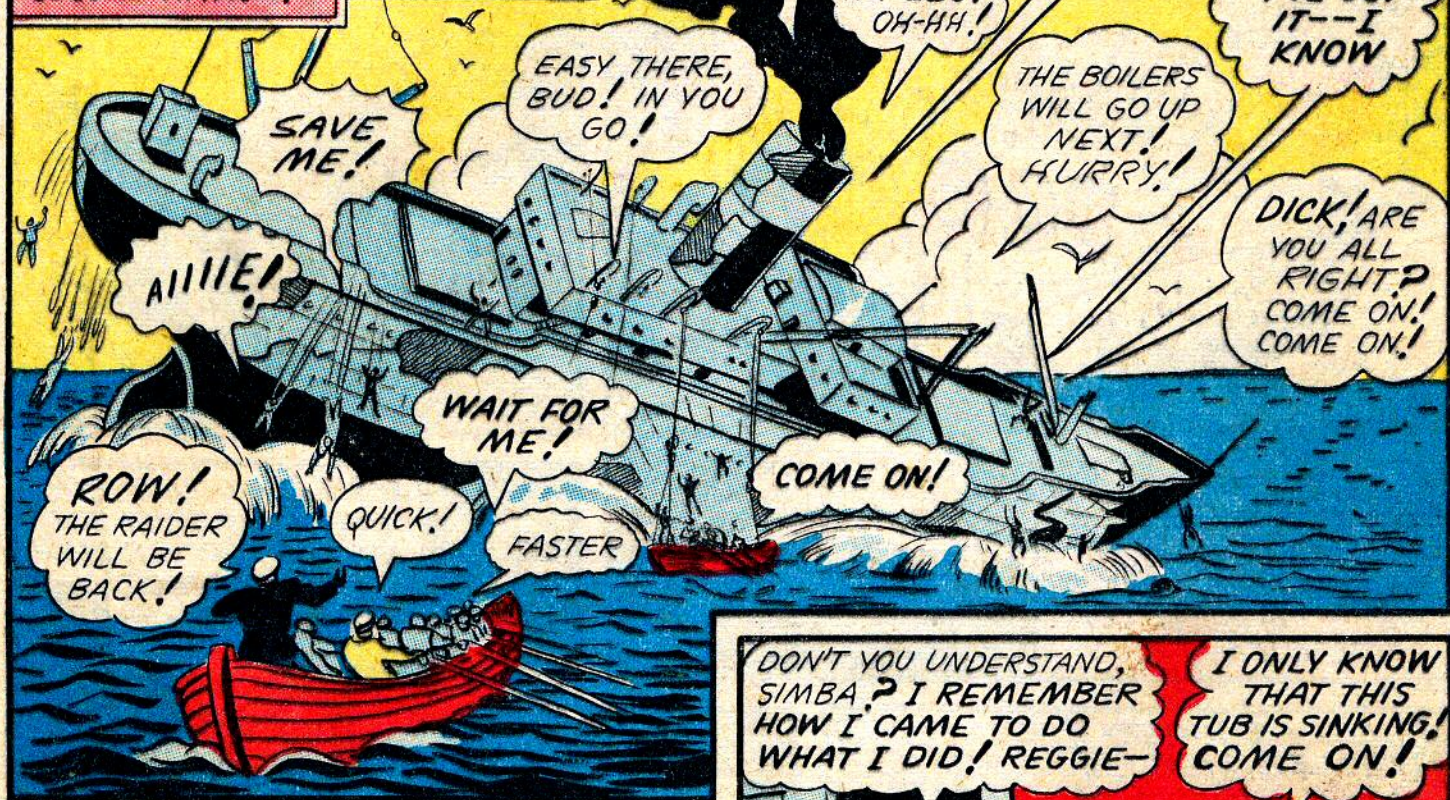


EE-EE-OH!

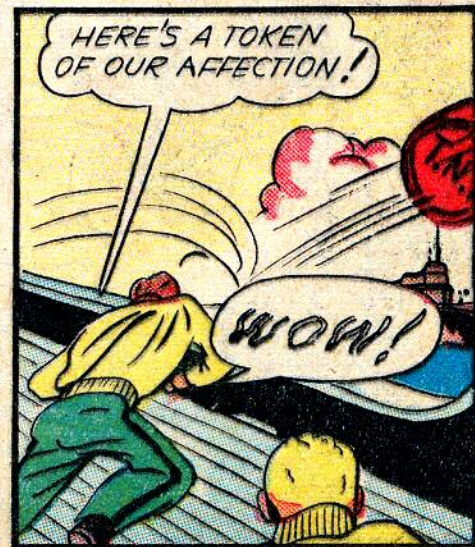
-- SAILORS OVER THE BLAST -- SOAR SKYWARD!

PANDEMONIUM REIGNS!

LIFEBOATS ARE LOWERED—THOSE THAT HAVEN'T BEEN SHATTERED BY THE BLAST—AND THE MEN CLAMBER INTO THEM—SOME DIVE OVERBOARD—FEARING A SECOND ATTACK!



ODDLY ENOUGH, THE FORCE OF THE BLAST CLEARS DICK'S MUDDLED BRAIN! THE FATEFUL HAPPENINGS COME BACK TO HIM IN A FLOOD!





DICK'S AIM IS STRAIGHT,
AND THE DEPTH CHARGE
BLOWS THE RAIDER OUT
OF THE OCEAN!

AFTER THROWING
THE CHARGE—DICK
SUDDENLY BOLTS
INTO THE RAPIDLY
FILLING HOLD!

DICK! WHERE
ARE YOU GOING
NOW?

COME ON! WE CAN
STILL SAVE THIS
SHIP!



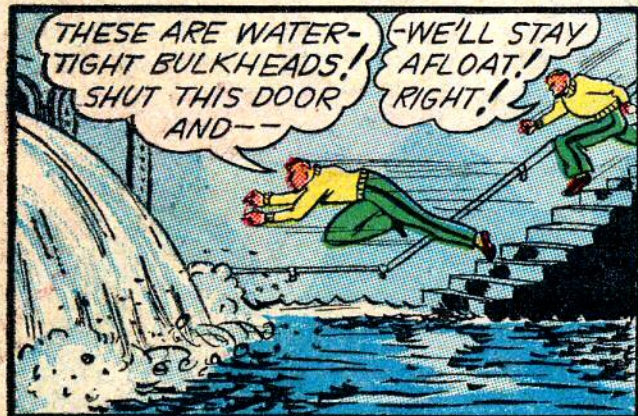
PUSH, WONDER-BOY!
SHOW YOUR STRENGTH
NOW OR FOREVER KEEP
YOUR PEACE!

I'M P-P-P-
PUSHIN'!



THESE ARE WATER-
TIGHT BULKHEADS!
SHUT THIS DOOR
AND--

WE'LL STAY
AFLOAT!
RIGHT!



THAT WASN'T TOO
TOUGH!

I'LL GET THE
CREW BACK! THEY
CAN PUMP SOME
OF THIS WATER
OUT!



AHOY! THE SHIP
IS OKAY! COME
BACK!

HEY! LOOK!

WHAT? ?



THE AMAZED SEAMEN LOOK ON IN DOUBT A FEW MOMENTS---TILL THEY'RE SURE---

LOOK! HE'S RIGHT! THE SHIP IS RIGHTING ITSELF!

COME BACK!

HOO-RAY!

WELL, FOR--

BACK TO THE SHIP!

RETURNING TO THE SHIP--THE SEAMEN ARE GREETED BY DICK!

ONLY ONE COMPARTMENT FLOODED!

NICE WORK, FELLA!

HOW'D YA DO IT?

GREAT!

CADETS, I HAD YOU ALL WRONG! YOU'VE PROVEN YOUR PATRIOTISM BY SAVING THIS SHIP FILLED WITH FOOD AND MEDICINE FOR THE ALLIES, FROM AMERICA!

THANK YOU, CAPTAIN!

THE WHOLE WORLD HEARS THE NEWS!

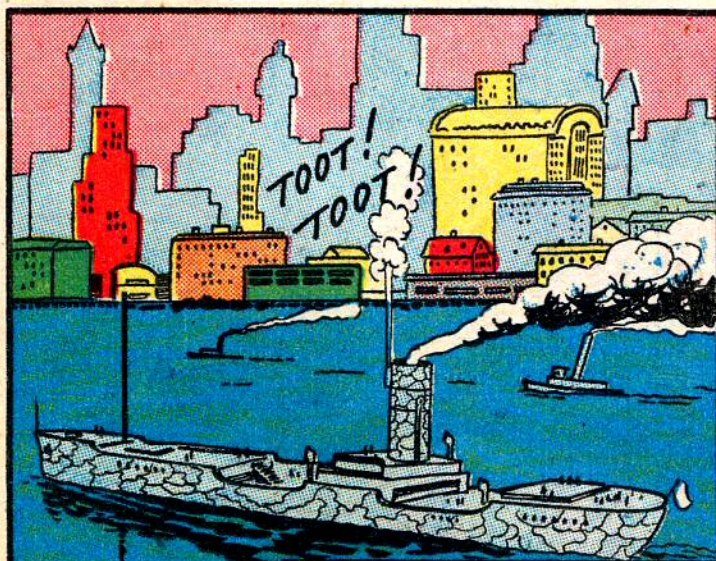
SAVE SHIP!

FARR CADETS HEROEES!

DICK COLE AND SIMBA, ESCAPED CADETS, PROVE LOYALTY TO U.S.A.

BY HEROIC ACTS ON HIGH SEAS--SAVED MERCY SHIP FROM RAIDER, RETURNING HOME

MERCY SHIP SAVED!



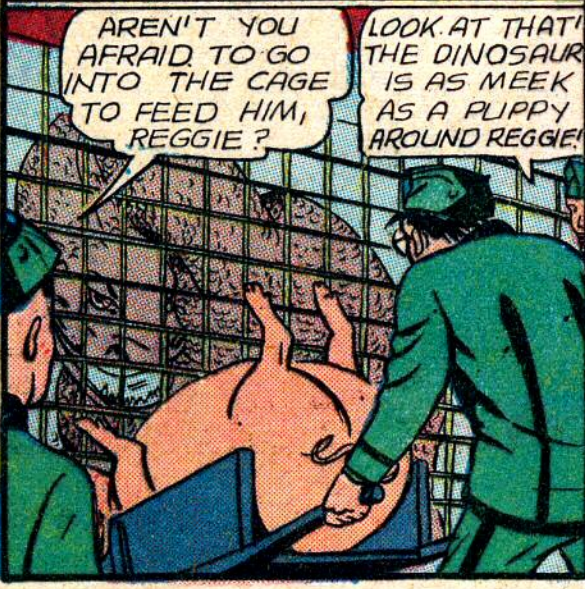
A WEEK LATER, THE BATTERED SHIP ARRIVES BACK IN THE U.S.A.!

SIMBA, FEARING COMPLICATIONS BEFORE THEY CAN FOLLOW DICK'S HUNCH--SUGGESTS JUMPING SHIP...

COME ON, DICK!

RIGHT, SIMBA! WE'LL LOOK UP REGGIE--THEN GO TO THE POLICE!

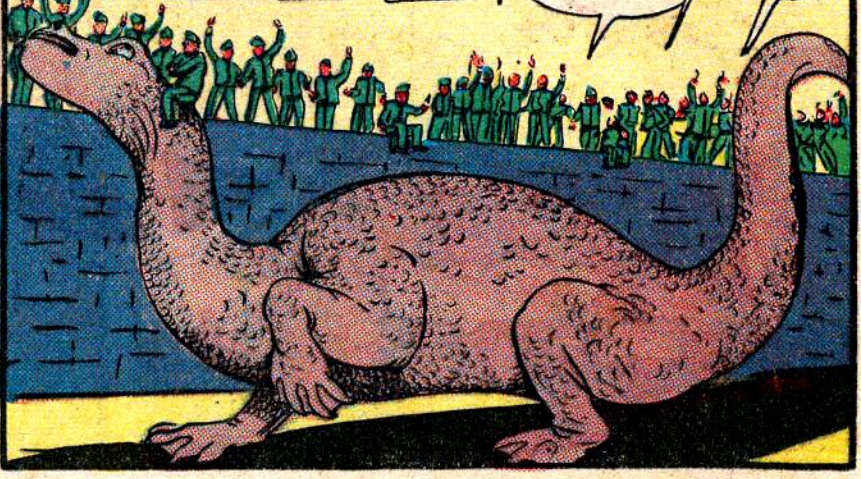
MEANWHILE, BACK AT FARR, REGGIE'S FEARLESSNESS IN HANDLING THE NEW MASCOT IS LAUDED HIGHLY!



AREN'T YOU AFRAID TO GO INTO THE CAGE TO FEED HIM, REGGIE?

LOOK AT THAT! THE DINOSAUR IS AS MEEK AS A PUPPY AROUND REGGIE!

THE CADETS CONTINUE TO CHEER REGGIE'S EXPERT CONTROL OF THE BEAST... NOT REALIZING HE HAS USED HIS POWERFUL POSITION ON IT- AND HAS IT UNDER HIS COMPLETE CONTROL!



WOW!

THREE CHEERS FOR REGGIE!

WHAT A SHOW!

HA! HA!

REGGIE'S POPULARITY GROWS. HE IS ASKED INTO ALMOST EVERY FRATERNITY AT FARR!



THIS IS OUR PAL, REGGIE, JDE.

HI, REGGIE!

YES, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, REGGIE'S SUPER-EGO IS SATISFIED... GLOWING WITH PRIDE, HE STARTS FOR HIS ROOM...



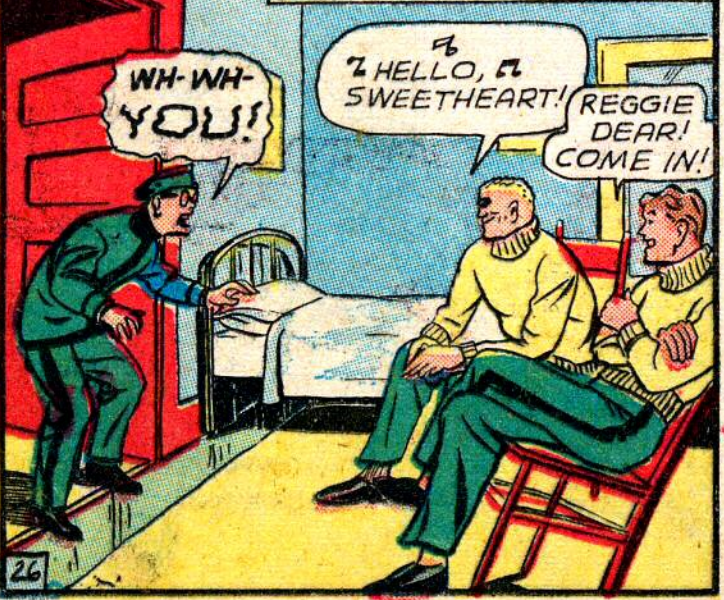
HA-HAH! THOSE PUPS! NOW THEY'LL CATER TO ME! ME!

REACHING HIS ROOM - HE OPENS THE DOOR, AND...



HAH! I WONDER HOW COLE LIKES TO BE RIDICULED NOW!

"COMES FACE TO FACE WITH A COUPLE OF 'GHOSTS'!"



WH-WH-YOU!

HELLO, SWEETHEART!

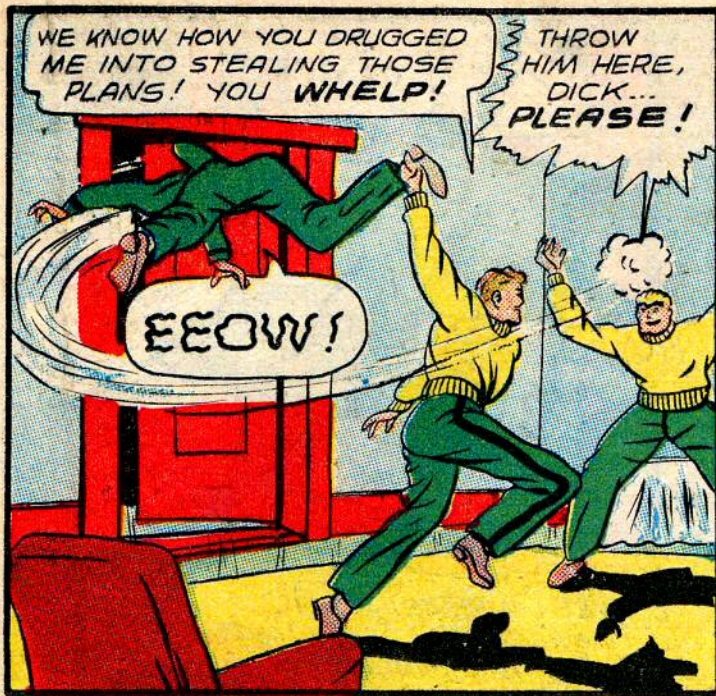
REGGIE DEAR! COME IN!

NO! NO! GO 'WAY! NO!



YOU LITTLE PUNK! I'LL BREAK YOU IN TWO!

LET ME GET MY HANDS ON HIM!



WE KNOW HOW YOU DRUGGED ME INTO STEALING THOSE PLANS! YOU **WHELP!**

THROW HIM HERE, DICK... PLEASE!

EEOW!



LET ME, DICK! NOW YOU'LL SPILL EVERYTHING TO MAJOR FARR—OR WE'LL SPILL YOU!

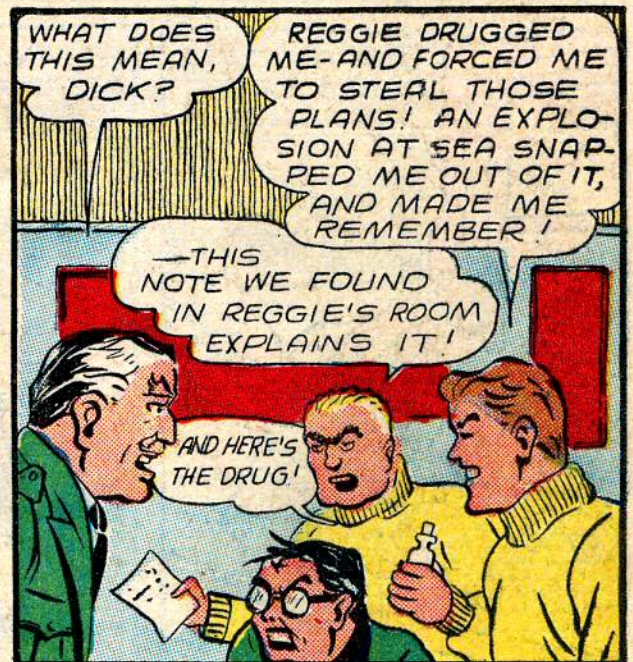
NO!



REACHING THE MAJOR'S OFFICE, DICK THROWS HIM HEADLONG INTO THE ROOM!

GET IN THERE AND START TALKING! FAST!

DICK, SIMBA! REGGIE! WHAT IS THIS?



WHAT DOES THIS MEAN, DICK?

REGGIE DRUGGED ME—AND FORCED ME TO STEAL THOSE PLANS! AN EXPLOSION AT SEA SNAPPED ME OUT OF IT, AND MADE ME REMEMBER!

—THIS NOTE WE FOUND IN REGGIE'S ROOM EXPLAINS IT!

AND HERE'S THE DRUG!



REGGIE! IS THIS TRUE?

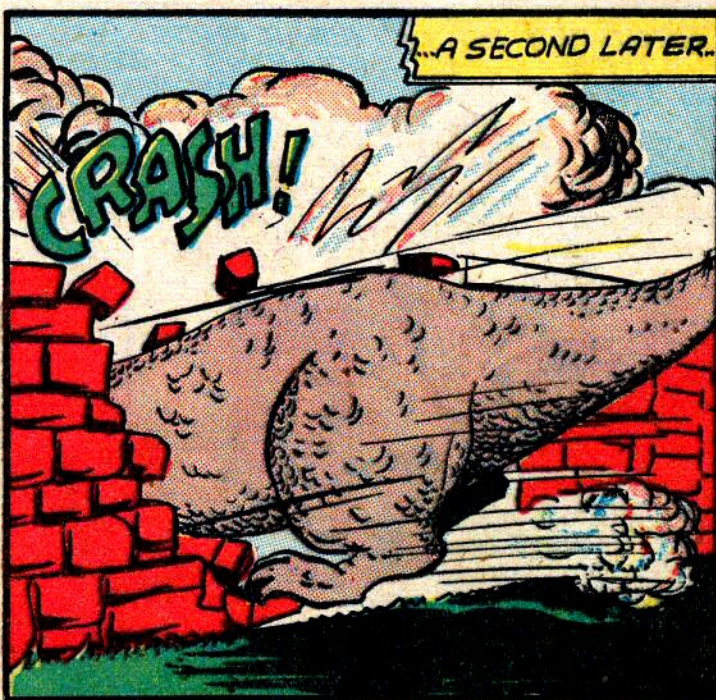
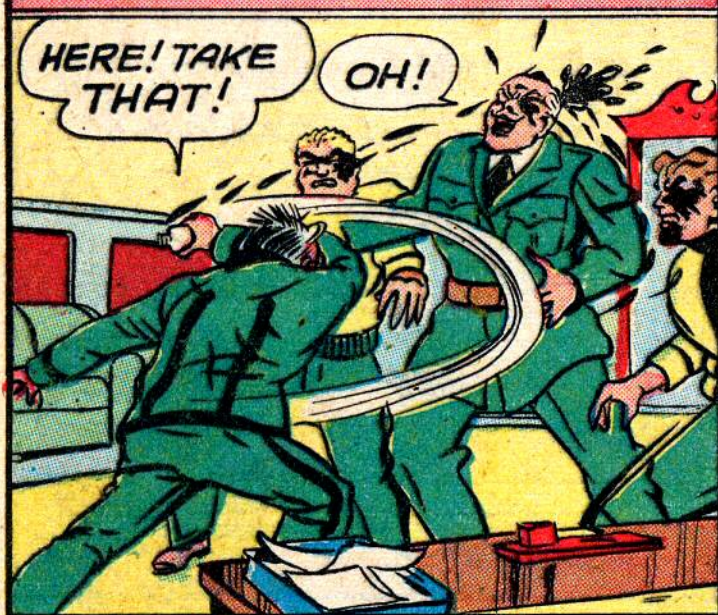
YES! IT MADE ME SQUIRM TO SEE THOSE WONDER BOYS FLEXING THEIR PRETTY MUSCLES AND SHOWING OFF! I DID IT—AND I'D DO IT AGAIN!



---BUT, YOU WON'T PUNISH ME FOR IT! AND I'LL GET THOSE IDIOTS, YET!

LOOK OUT! THIS BOY IS MAD!

ABRUPTLY REGGIE SNATCHES UP AN INKWELL-
FLINGS THE INK INTO THE OTHERS' FACES!



PRODDED ON BY THE
INSANE BOY, THE DINOSAUR
STAMPEDES THROUGH THE
CAMPUS...

EE-OW! STOP ME...
STOP ME NOW- YOU POOR
STUPID IDIOTS! I'M
STRONGER THAN ALL
OF YOU!

-OUTTA THE
WAY!

HELP!

WOW!

HE'LL KILL
US!

HEEE- EE!
HEH! HEH!

DESPERATELY, DICK AND SIMBA
RACE AFTER THE BERSERK DINO!

THEY TAKE ONE LONG LEAP.

C'MON!
STEP ON IT!

WE'LL FINISH
THAT BABY
THIS TIME!

HE'S HEADING
FOR THE LAKE!

C'MERE
TOOTS!

GET UP ON
HIS BACK!

REACHING THE HIGH BLUFF
BORDERING THE LAKE...THE
ANIMAL-IN BLIND RAGE-
PLUNGES RIGHT OFF-INTO
THIN AIR...SICKENINGLY,
THEY DROP DOWNWARD!

I WONDER IF
THIS MOUSE CAN SWIM?
MAYBE WE CAN
DROWN IT!!

WOW- WHAT
A DROP!

EEOW!
HELP!

LIKE A
GREAT LUMP
OF LEAD,THE ANIMAL
DIVES INTO THE WATER...

SPLASH!

WITHIN A FEW
MINUTES,THE DINOSAUR
IS DEAD...THE BOYS CLIMB
OUT OF THE WATER, EXHAUSTED!

MIRACUOUSLY,
THE BEAST'S HEAD
BECOMES TANGLED
IN THE PIER PILES!
QUICKLY, THE BOYS
LOCK HIM IN...

WHEW!THOUGHT
MY LUNGS WOULD
BUST!

WHERE'S
REGGIE?

IT'S DICK
AND SIMBA!

'RAY!

THE DINOSAUR'S
DEAD!

THE NEXT
DAY, MAJOR FARR
DELIVERS SOME GOOD
NEWS TO THE BOYS...

JUBILANTLY,THE GANG WELCOMES
THE BOYS BACK...

WE HEARD HOW YOU SAVED
THE DEFENSE SUPPLY
SHIP-BOY THAT
WAS GREAT!

WOW! IT'S
GOOD TO SEE
YOU BIRDS!

HEY!
THEY'VE
FOUND
REGGIE!

REGGIE IS FISHED OUT OF THE
WATER-A SORRY SPECTACLE...

HERE'S THE LITTLE RAT!

HE'S
ALIVE!

YEAH- ALIVE
TO CATCH HIS
RIGHTFUL DUE!

YES, I'M GLAD TO SAY, DICK, THAT
THE GOVERNMENT HAS COMPLETELY
EXONERATED YOU OF THE TREASON CHARGE!
AND THAT BOTH OF YOU WILL BE ACCEPTED
BACK AT FARR AS BRAVE AND HONORABLE
CADETS! CONGRATULATIONS, BOYS! I'M
REALLY PROUD OF YOU!

THANK YOU, MAJOR! WE'RE
PROUD TO BE BACK AT FARR!

Real



ATTENTION!

CADETS IN ACTION

Here the young, but superbly trained cadets turned raw, untrained volunteers of the South into good, disciplined soldiers. These recruits soon recognized the cadets as *men*—not boys—followed them gladly.

After serving three months as instructors, this first War Corps was disbanded—having whipped into shape almost every man at Richmond capable of aiming a gun. The cadets immediately enlisted as regulars—but the seasoned Confederate Leaders did them one better by placing them as captains, lieutenants, and colonels! These leaders soon found they had made no mistake! The boys were hard fighters and loyal to the South, as well as being among the best trained men the South had to offer.

In 1861 the famous "Rat" class came into being, and these freshmen proceeded to win such outstanding battle honors that the historians of the period had a tough time keeping up with their incredulous activities.

In from one to two years these *youngsters* were also promoted to positions ranging from captain to colonel! No school in history has such an amazing record. Mere boys commanding batteries of artillery—battalions—and regiments. And, for the glory of the South—thirty-six of them died in battle.

"IN PEACE AN HONOR, IN WAR A DEFENSE!" This, the glorious battle-tested motto of Virginia Military Institute signifies the true spirit of its cadets through the smoke and fire of the hard fought Civil War! When V.M.I. was born the South was entering upon an era of great industrial development, and the business world soon recognized it as a leading producer of well trained men. V.M.I. graduates skyrocketed to positions of trust and importance. Captains of industry grasped eagerly for these staunch military men as fast as they were turned out into the world. V.M.I. was well known, and highly honored.

Then, as in every nook and corner of the South—the War Between the States belched forth with a cloud of all consuming smoke. V.M.I. was plunged into the thick of it! Now, instead of for peace time service, these beardless boys—these well trained young men were looked upon as possible leaders of the older, unmilitary soldiers.

V.M.I. cadets had already proven themselves as leaders in the Mexican War—and with the first bugle call, the sons of V.M.I. enlisted everywhere in the Southern Forces. The first act of the school itself was to send a corps of cadets to Richmond as drill-masters and training officers under one of their eminent Military Instructors—one "Stonewall" Jackson!



HOW V.M.I. WON ITS BATTLE HONORS!

A distinguished field general of the Union Army was asked, years later, by a Southern lady, to tell of the most heroic act performed by either side. Without hesitation, he launched into the story of the V.M.I. cadets' attack on the hill batteries of Von Kleiser.

The troops of the Institute were drawn up for the charge, then, fearlessly they marched into the face of withering fire from the hill held by Von Klierer. After halting at the command of "Dress to the Colors," regardless of the volleys of shrapnel and cannister shot being poured into their ranks, they advanced, closing in the gaps as their companions fell! Changing from the quick-step to the double, and at last to the charge, they rushed through the terrific fire on up to the guns which they surrounded and captured! This charge was made by boys who earned their spurs in battle before their lips showed the beginning of a beard!

THE SONS OF THE INSTITUTION led the field everywhere. Some were attached to the best of Lee's commands. Skillfully and courageously they hurled themselves into the fire of battle—never once letting the honor of the school falter.

But, as the sons were great, so were the fathers of V.M.I. Foremost among the military professors was "Stonewall" Jackson himself. What better person could be selected to pass on to the youths the honor and glory of the old Southland. The spirit of the warrior Jackson guided each cadet into battle. A spirit that kept them alive to fire one last shot at the enemy before they died! It was said that when Stonewall Jackson led a charge, he breathed fire and smoke, and his bellying voice could be heard shouting commands even above the din of the battle!

Jackson loved to fight. One night before the war, Ned Cunningham, an assistant professor to Stonewall at V.M.I., and the Major himself, were sitting in a study room reading the papers. At this time the main topic was the coming war between the states. For some time neither had spoken. Then Ned asked: "Major, would you like to see a war?" Jackson stopped reading the paper, and for five minutes hung his head before replying. He looked up and in a low, deliberate tone said: "Mr. Cunningham, as a Christian I wouldn't like to see a war," and then raising his voice until it rang out like a bugle-call, his eyes flashing and every fibre of his body filled with excitement, added, "but, as a soldier, sir, I would like to see a war!"

And see it he did—Old Stonewall and his pupils were a feared and respected enemy of the North. Foremost in every regiment were the cadets of V.M.I.

Captain James Breckenridge, a graduate, distinguished himself many times over, but most

outstanding of all his exploits was his defense of Kelly's Ford. With a small force of sixteen riflemen and a reserve of about the same number of sabers, Captain Breckenridge was stationed as an advance force to hold the river crossing against attack. In the light of dawn, Averill's brigade of four thousand, five hundred men attempted to cross the river, but the fire of this small band of marksmen held them back. Not until artillery fire was centered on their position did Breckenridge retreat. But the Southern regiment stationed not far away came up quickly, sending Averill's men back. Then Breckenridge proceeded to "dig in."

He strung telegraph wire head-high in the woods to spill horsemen, making the only avenue of advance up the path upon which he would be waiting. The river currents were such that there was only one narrow ford, and this spot was covered by the sixteen riflemen entrenched in the ditches they had dug. The reserve, with horses, were up on a hill.

Stationed near Captain Breckenridge were eight hundred men and three pieces of artillery. At daybreak the ford was again attacked, and the reserve, defending, moved in. In a day's fighting, those eight hundred, sixteen men, and three pieces of artillery, held the ford against four thousand, five hundred Union forces with five pieces of artillery!

At night the Confederate reserve withdrew four miles inward, again leaving Breckenridge and his sixteen riflemen to cover the approach. Once more they were attacked! Three thousand men started to advance across the river by columns, and again and again the riflemen swept the river clear. Union artillery opened fire, but when the charge came again those sixteen men held their position! For three hours they stood their ground until the brigade coming into action relieved them.

MANY AND GALLANT were the exploits of the Cadets of V.M.I. and its fame spread even to the North. One day, a V.M.I. cadet brought a fellow student home with him. The cadet's family showed surprise at his companion being a Northern boy, so their guest told them a story.

"At the battle of New Market a young Union officer was so impressed by the youth and splendid training of the V.M.I. boys, he hesitated to turn his guns on them. When he had to fire and send death sweeping down the brave boy-lines, he saw them close together as quickly as the waves of the ocean. This young officer said to himself, 'If I ever had a son, he shall go to the Virginia Military Institute.'" The cadet stopped and smiled at the family, "I am that son!"

END

The Target



IN THE HARDY DAYS OF YORE, GALLANT KNIGHTS RODE GAILY TO THE FRAY IT TOOK A BOLD HEART AND A READY SWORD TO SURVIVE IN THOSE HECTIC TIMES!

THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS TURN BACK THE CLOCK TO THE DAYS OF KNIGHTHOOD AND CHIVALRY.

Targeteers

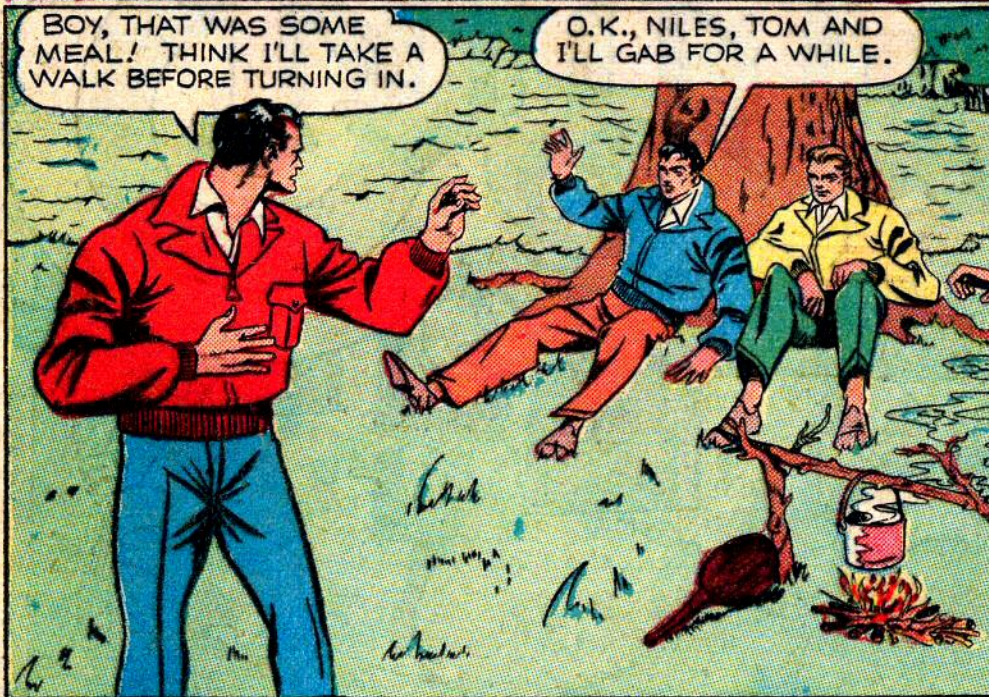
by
SID GREENE

NILES REED, DAVE FOSTER, AND TOM BROWN, (THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS) ARE CAMPING IN THE WOODS, ON THEIR VACATION.

AS NILES WALKS A SHORT DISTANCE ...

BOY, THAT WAS SOME MEAL! THINK I'LL TAKE A WALK BEFORE TURNING IN.

O.K., NILES, TOM AND I'LL GAB FOR A WHILE.



WHAT--? ULP!



DAVE! TOM! HELP! HELP!

IT'S NILES!

C'MON!



NILES! WHERE ARE YOU! WOO-OO-O!

OLP!-- WHAT TH--!!



FINE HELP YOU GUYS ARE!

WE DIDN'T SEE THIS HOLE!

C'MON, LET'S GET OUT!



NO USE -- THESE SIDES ARE TOO STEEP. WE'LL HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER WAY OUT!

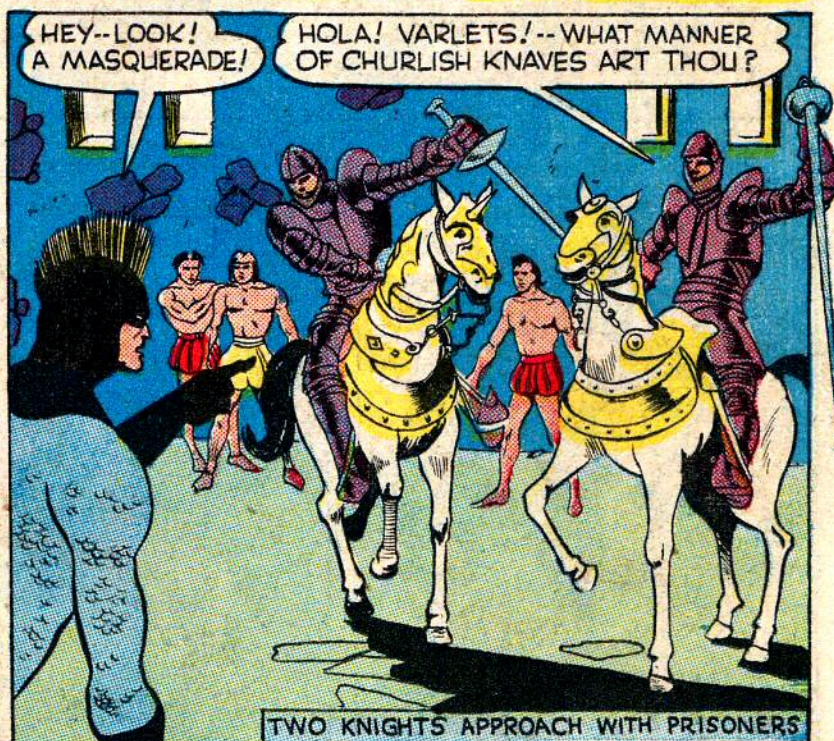
LOOK NILES!

HOLY SMOKE!





SOON THEY EMERGE IN STRANGE SURROUNDINGS.

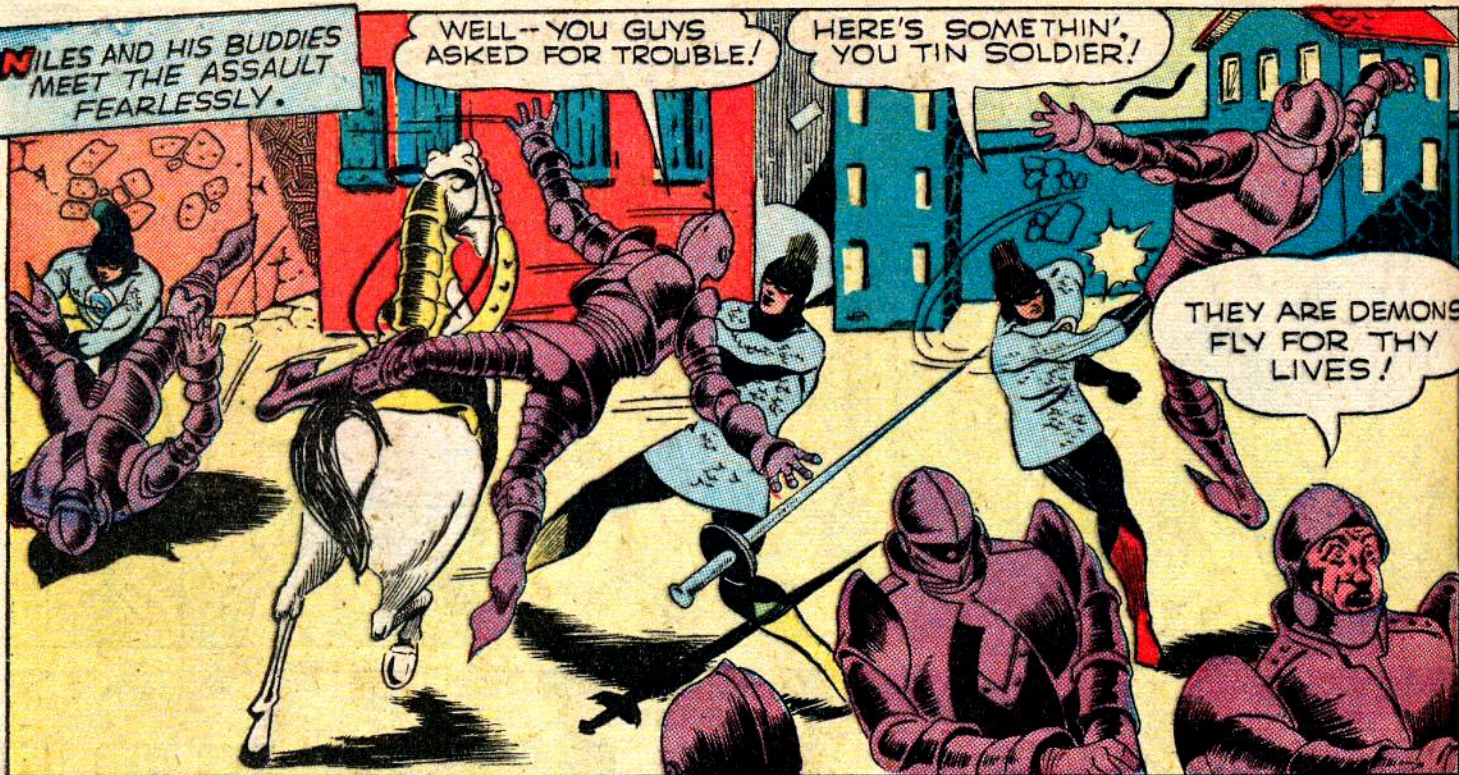


NILES AND HIS BUDDIES MEET THE ASSAULT FEARLESSLY.

WELL-- YOU GUYS ASKED FOR TROUBLE!

HERE'S SOMETHIN', YOU TIN SOLDIER!

THEY ARE DEMONS! FLY FOR THY LIVES!



THE BATTLE IS SOON OVER.

G'WAN, SCRAM!

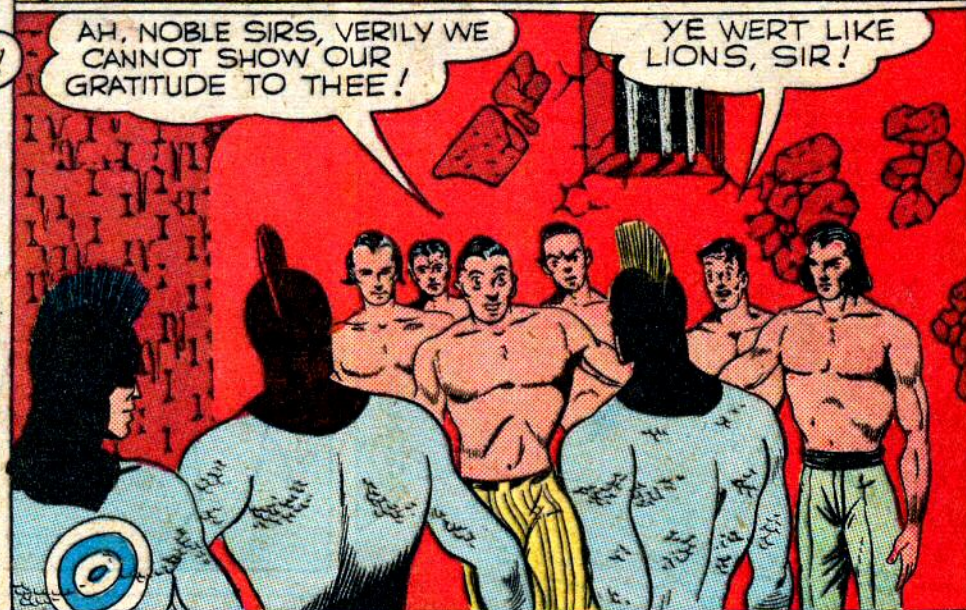
HERE'S YOUR ASH CAN COVER!



THE PRISONERS ARE RELEASED BY THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS.

AH, NOBLE SIR, VERILY WE CANNOT SHOW OUR GRATITUDE TO THEE!

YE WERT LIKE LIONS, SIR!

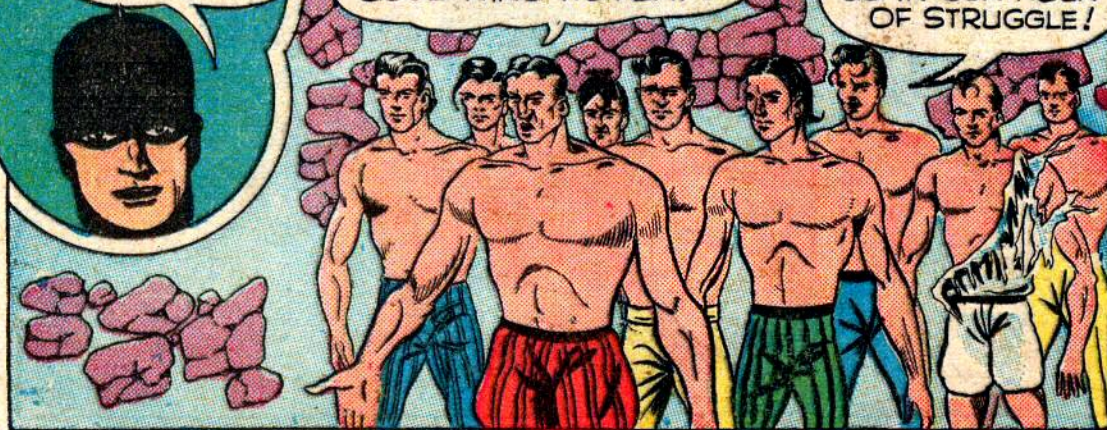


LOOK!--WILL YOU TELL US WHERE WE ARE? WHY ARE YOU PRISONERS?

KNOWEST THOU NOT THAT THIS IS THE DOMAIN OF THE PURPLE KNIGHTS? AND THAT WE ARE HUMBLE SUBJECTS OF THE GOOD KING WOMBAT?

ALSO--THAT THE GOOD KING IS A PAWN OF THE WICKED KNIGHTS? THOU ART BRAVE AND FEARLESS! AID US IN OUR HOUR OF STRUGGLE!

WE STAND READY TO FIGHT AGAINST OPPRESSION ANYWHERE!

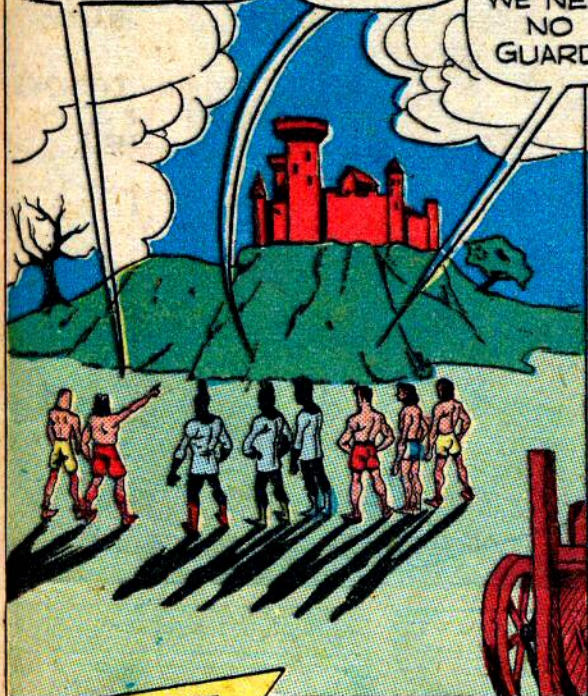


THE PRISONERS LEAD NILES, DAVE, AND TOM, TO THE CASTLE OF KING WOMBAT.

YON IS THE PALACE OF OUR GOOD SOVEREIGN!

WHERE'RE THE GUARDS?

WE ARE PEACEFUL PEOPLE. WE NEED NO GUARDS!



THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS ENTER THE CASTLE---

SAY, THIS PLACE IS SURE RUN DOWN!

HEY..WHO'S THAT COMING DOWN THE HALL?

IT IS KING WOMBAT.



NILES TELLS THE KING WHAT HAPPENED...

THAT'S THE WAY IT IS --- WE'RE HERE TO HELP YOU!

THANK THEE! MAYHAP THOU WOULDST RESCUE ME DAUGHTER, WHO IS HELD BY THE PURPLE KNIGHTS. THEY WILL SLAY HER IF I DO NOT GIVE MY SUBJECTS TO THEM AS SLAVES!



WE SHALL RETURN YOUR DAUGHTER, AND DESTROY THE POWER OF THE PURPLE KNIGHTS.

OH, KIND SIRS! I SHALL DUB THEE KNIGHTS FOR THY BRAVERY!



WITH THIS SWORD I DUB THEE KNIGHTS! I'M SORRY I HAVE NO WEAPONS TO OFFER THEE!



A LITTLE LATER...

HURRAH! THEY ARE GOING TO FREE US!

BLESS YOU! BLESS YOU!



IN A SHORT WHILE THE TRIO REACHES A FOREBODING-LOOKING FOREST ---

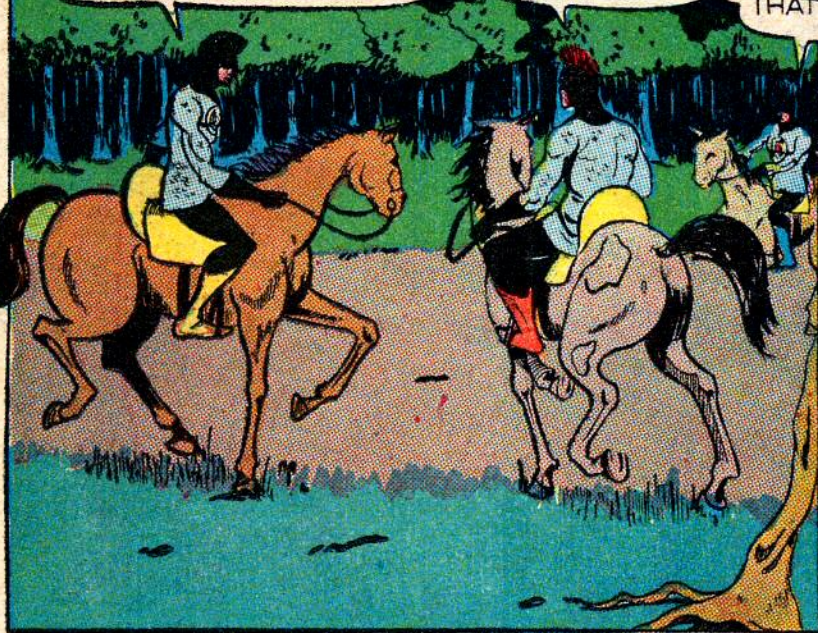
FELLOWS, I DON'T KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED, BUT WE'RE BACK IN THE MIDDLE AGES ---

YEAH, AND WE'RE OUT AFTER SOME MEANIES--

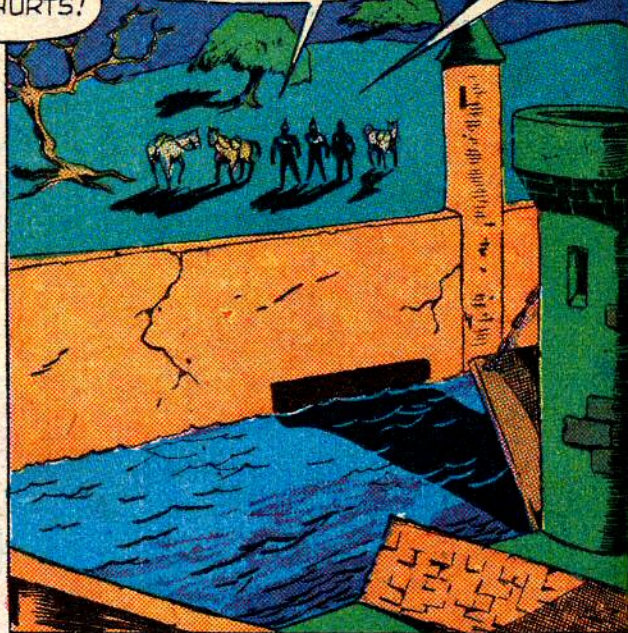
WITHOUT GUNS, OR ANYTHING-- THAT HURTS!

WELL, THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PURPLE KNIGHTS' Fortress.

HOW'LL WE GET OVER THAT WALL?



SOON, THEY REACH A GREAT WALL . . .



THIS IS HOW--I'LL MAKE A ROPE OUT OF THESE VINES--

AND WE'LL SCALE OVER THE WALL.

HERE I GO-- WHEN I GET TO THE TOP, FOLLOW ME ---

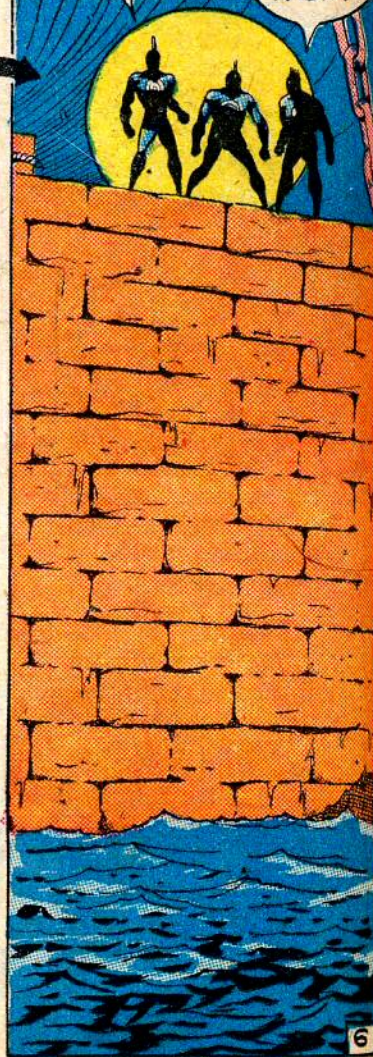
OKAY, NILES!



THE OTHERS FOLLOW--

WELL, WE'RE HERE, AND LOOK--

BOY, THAT'S SOME MOAT!



NILES ACTS QUICKLY--

DON'T MISS THAT DRAWBRIDGE, NILES!

I WON'T, I HOPE!



NILES MAKES IT!

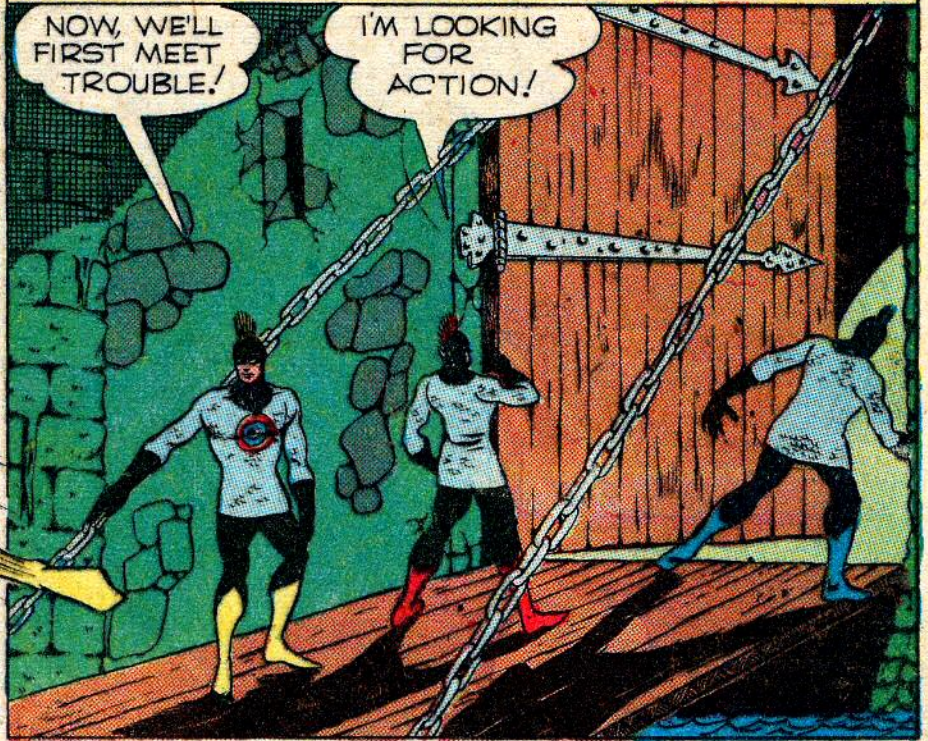
WHOO-OO!
--MADE IT!



THE TARGET LOWERS THE DRAWBRIDGE, ...

NOW, WE'LL
FIRST MEET
TROUBLE!

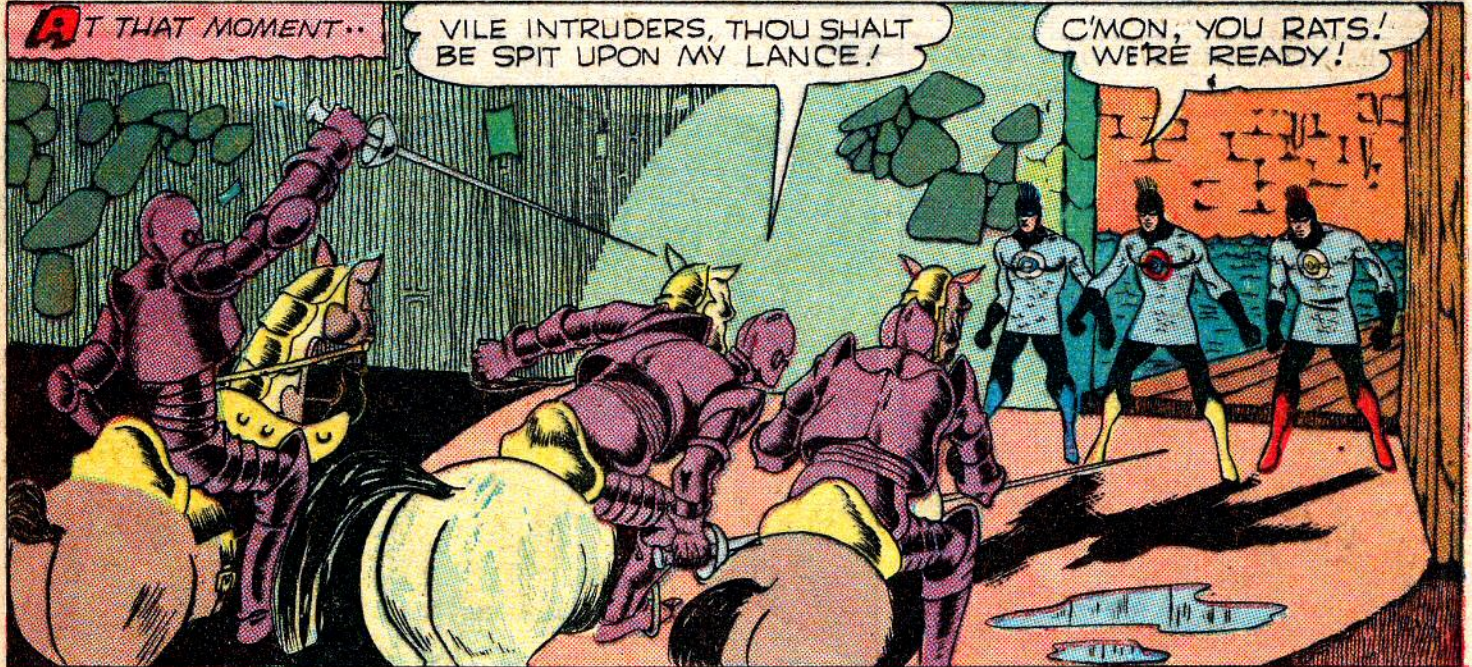
I'M LOOKING
FOR
ACTION!



AT THAT MOMENT...

VILE INTRUDERS, THOU SHALT
BE SPIT UPON MY LANCE!

C'MON, YOU RATS!
WE'RE READY!



TAKE THIS -- THOU
CHURL --- WHAT--
WHAT IS THIS?

BROTHER,
YOU TELL
ME!



LOOK! OUR TARGET
SUITS ARE ON
UNDERNEATH!

THEY ARE
DEVILS!



THE BATTLE BECOMES MORE FURIOUS --

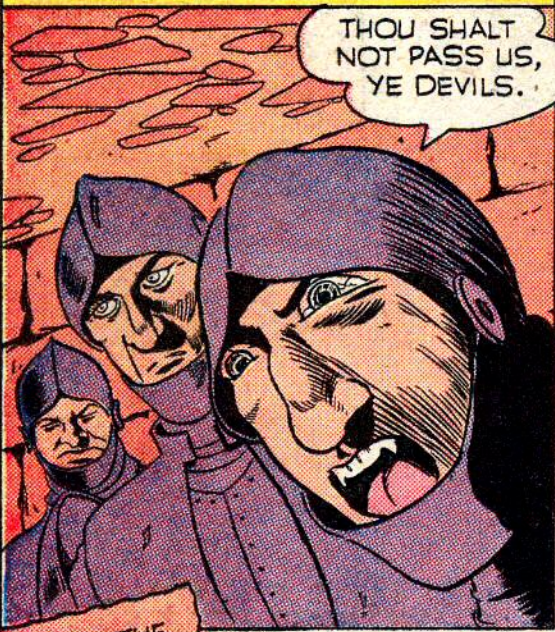


YOU GUYS NEED A BATH!

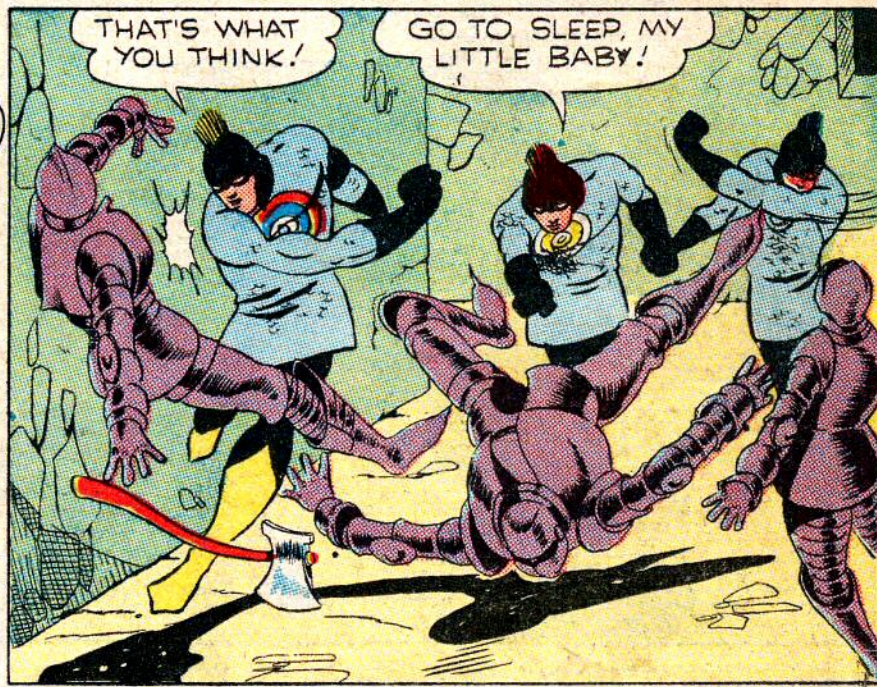
BOY! THIS IS FUN!

YOU SAID IT!

MORE GUARDS BLOCK THEIR PATH--



THOU SHALT NOT PASS US, YE DEVILS.



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

GO TO SLEEP, MY LITTLE BABY!

AFTER THE BATTLE



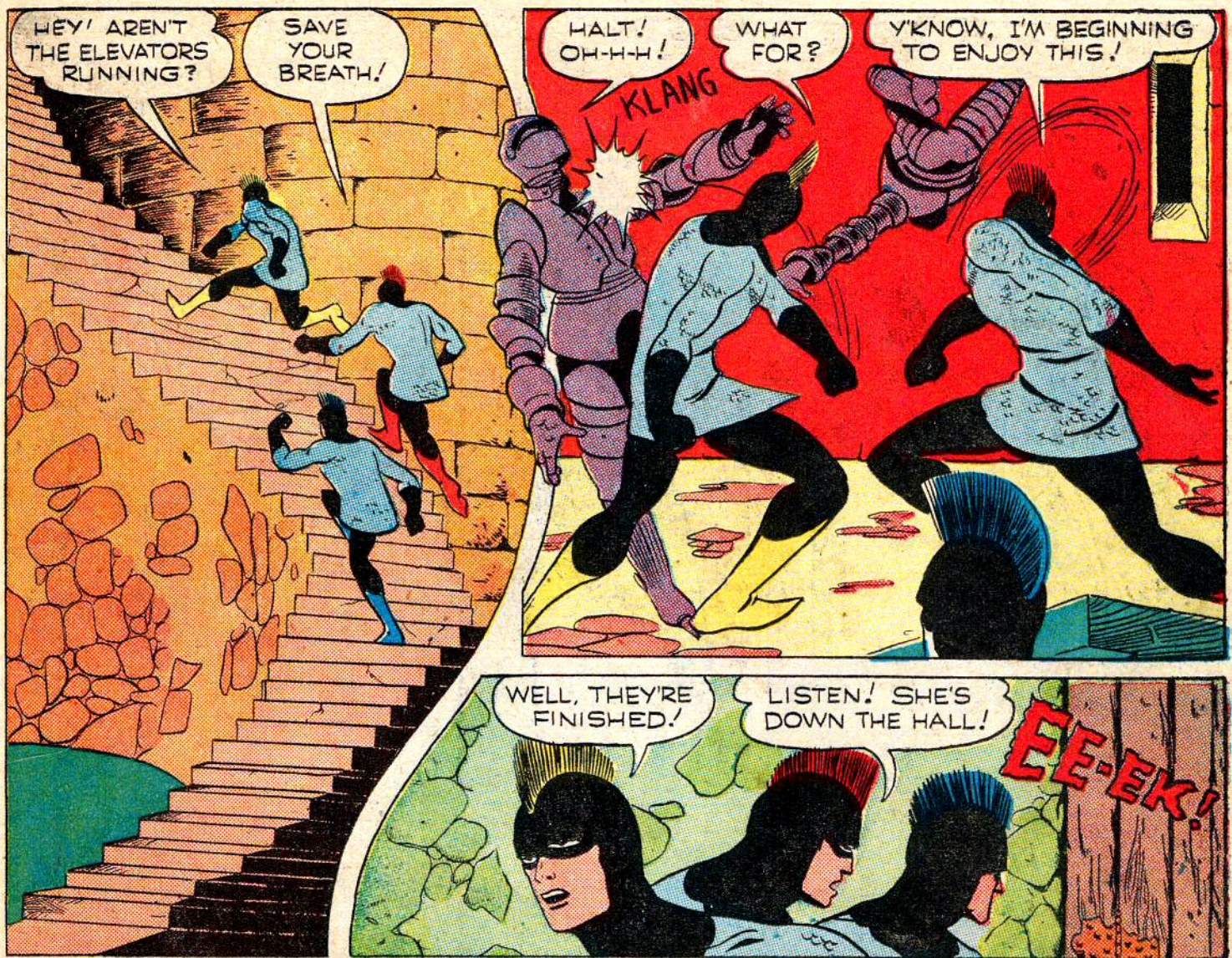
NOW TALK! WHERE'S KING WOMBAT'S DAUGHTER?

SIRE, DO NOT HIT ME! SHE IS KEPT IN THE TOWER!



O.K. NOW GO TO SLEEP!

C'MON, BOYS! TO THE RESCUE!





I DON'T THINK THE
YOUNG LADY LIKES
YOU, AND NEITHER
DO I!

OH-H-H
OOF!



MY HERO! THOU
MAYEST KISS MY
HAND!

AH, MY LADY!
YOU ARE FAIRER
THAN THE STARS!

BOY, HE
HAS SOME
LINE!



AH, MY BEAUTY!
YOU--ULP--WHO--
I MUST'VE BEEN
DREAMING!

YOU SURE
WERE!
DOES SHE
HAVE A
SISTER?



THIS'LL WAKE
YOU UP!

HEY, FELLOWS, NOW--
HEY--THEY DON'T--

HA!
HA!



YOU GUYS CAN
LAUGH! BUT THAT
WAS THE BEST DREAM
I EVER HAD!

HA-HA!
HO-HO!

TELL US
ABOUT IT
SOMETIME!



THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS APPEAR
EVERY MONTH IN

TARGET COMICS

Edison

BELL

AND HIS JUNIOR AIR RAID WARDENS.

By
RAY GILL
AND
HAROLD DELAY

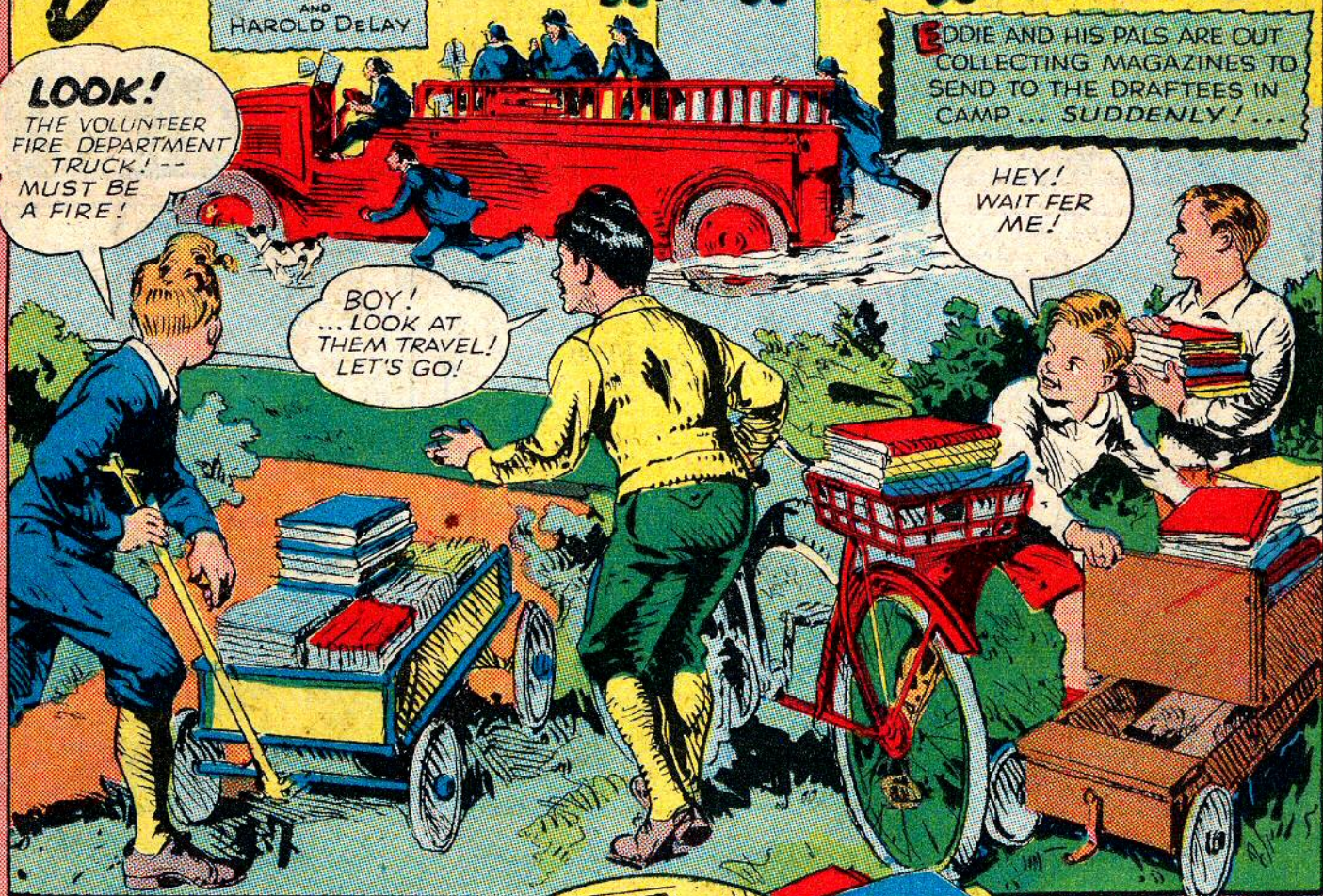
EDDIE AND HIS PALS ARE OUT
COLLECTING MAGAZINES TO
SEND TO THE DRAFTEES IN
CAMP ... SUDDENLY! ...

LOOK!

THE VOLUNTEER
FIRE DEPARTMENT
TRUCK! --
MUST BE
A FIRE!

HEY!
WAIT FER
ME!

BOY!
... LOOK AT
THEM TRAVEL!
LET'S GO!



THEY FOLLOW THE TRUCK
AND ...

HEY! ...
THEY'VE GONE
ALL AROUND
TOWN ...
NOW LOOK!

WHY, IT'S
STOPPING
IN FRONT
OF THE
FIRE HOUSE!



AIR RAID
WARDENS
WANTED
FOR
TEST BLACKOUT
Sign up
AT THE
FIRE HOUSE!

SAY!
... THAT'S
A SWELL
IDEA!
LET'S ALL
JOIN UP!

SURE!
WE'LL BE
JUNIOR
AIR RAID
WARDENS!



THE BOYS APPLY ... **BUT...**



HA! HA!
THAT'S RICH!
... YOU KIDS
WANTING
TO BE
AIR RAID
WARDENS!

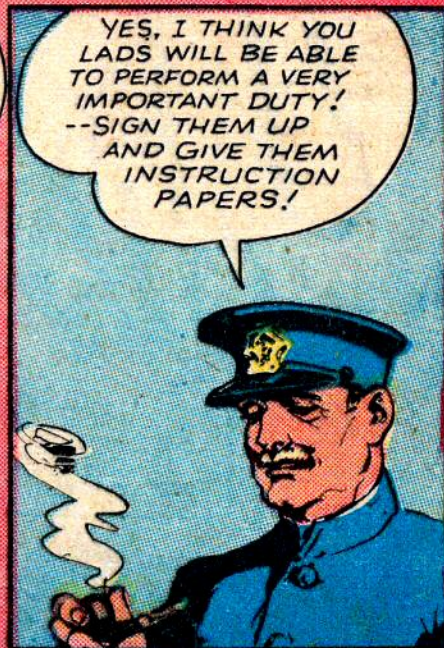
IS THAT
SO?
WHY, WE'RE
REALLY HANDY...
WE COULD
HELP!



HERE ...
WHAT'S
THIS ALL
ABOUT?

WE WANT
TO BECOME
JUNIOR
AIR RAID
WARDENS
--AND HE
WON'T
LET US!

JUNIOR
AIR RAID
WARDENS?
HMMMM!
THAT
SOUNDS
SWELL!



YES, I THINK YOU
LADS WILL BE ABLE
TO PERFORM A VERY
IMPORTANT DUTY!
--SIGN THEM UP
AND GIVE THEM
INSTRUCTION
PAPERS!



GOT THAT? OUR FIRST
JOB IS TO FILL AS MANY
BUCKETS AS POSSIBLE
WITH SAND, AND PLACE
THEM IN STRATEGIC
PLACES IN TOWN. WE'LL
USE FLASHLIGHTS TO
SIGNAL EACH OTHER IF
WE SPOT ANY "ENEMY"
PLANES!

RIGHT, EDDIE,
WE'RE ON
OUR WAY!



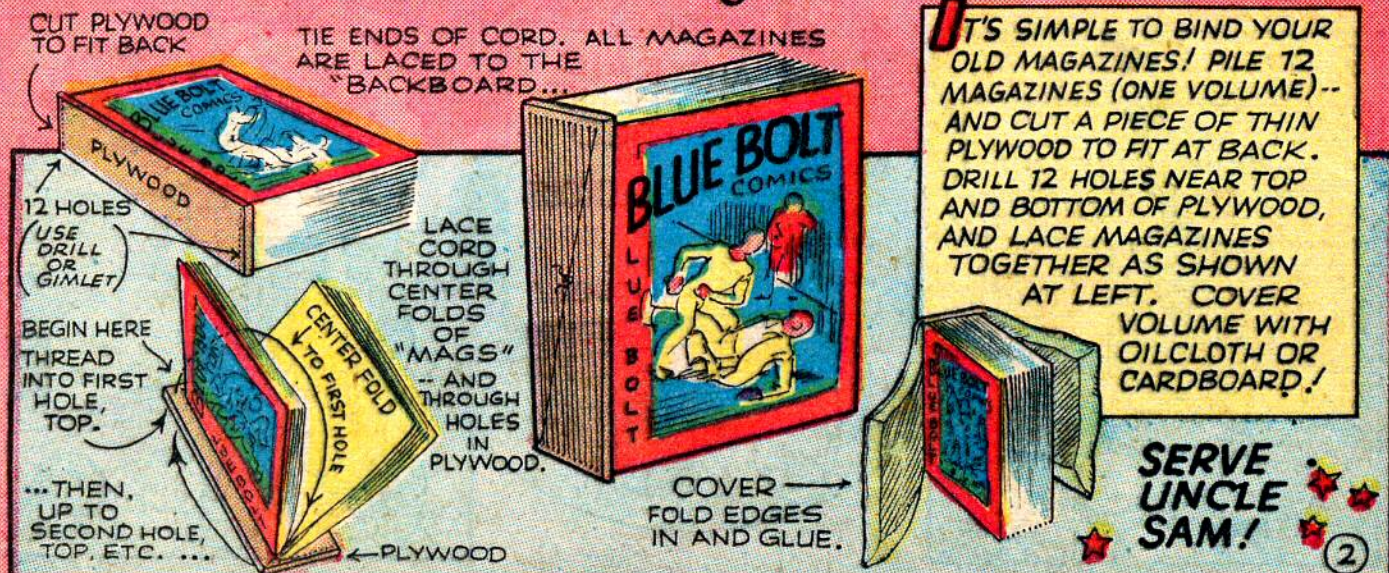
HEY, EDDIE! YOU DIDN'T
FORGET ABOUT THE
MAGAZINES, I HOPE! AFTER
ALL, THERE'S SOMETHING
WHICH WILL HELP THE BOYS
IN CAMP. THIS BLACKOUT
IS ONLY PRACTICE!

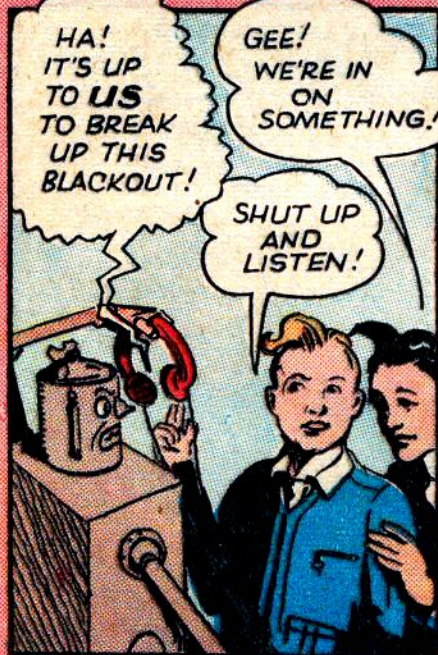
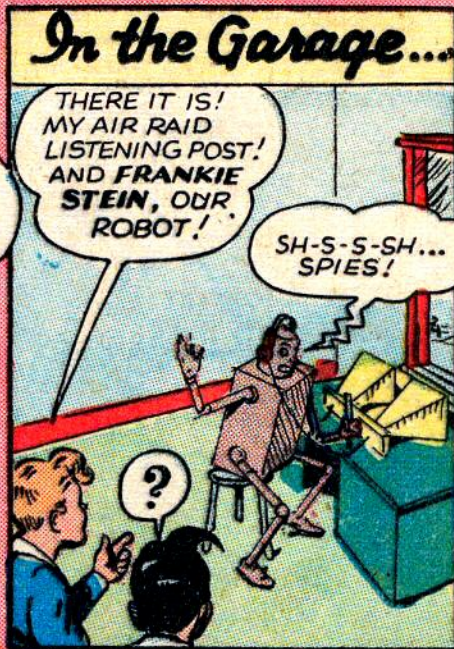
I SHOULD SAY
NOT, BUT, BEFORE
I FORGET ----

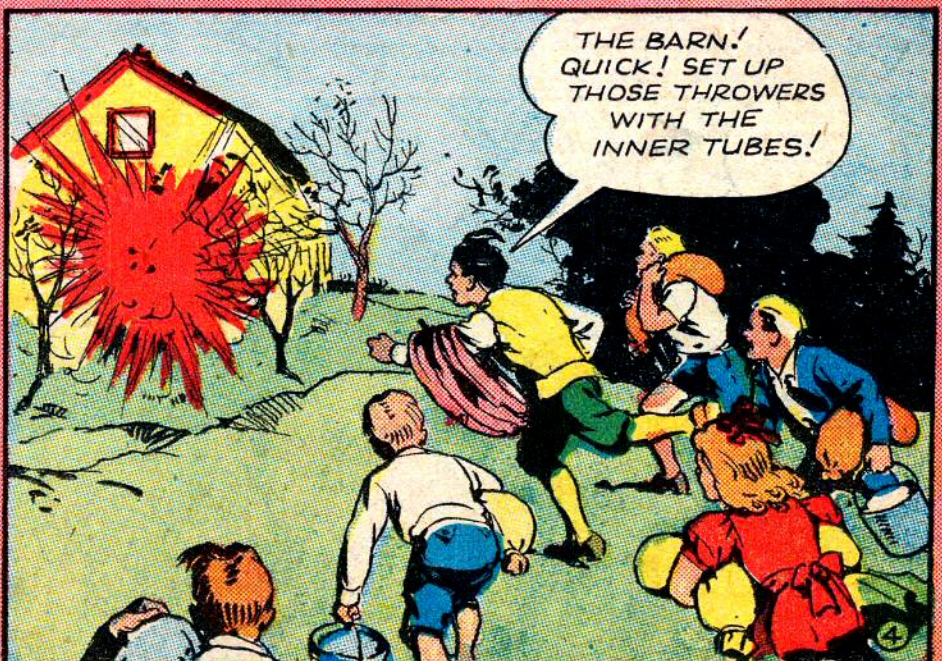
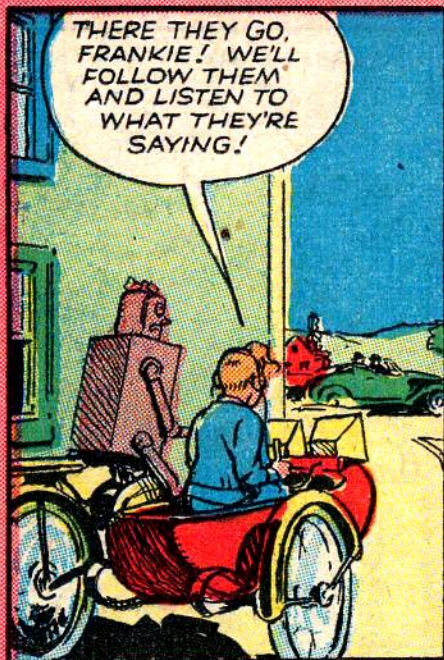


... LET ME SHOW
YOU HOW TO BIND THE
MAGAZINES SO THAT
ALL KIDS CAN DO THE
SAME, AND SEND THEM
TO THE BOYS IN
TRAINING CAMPS!

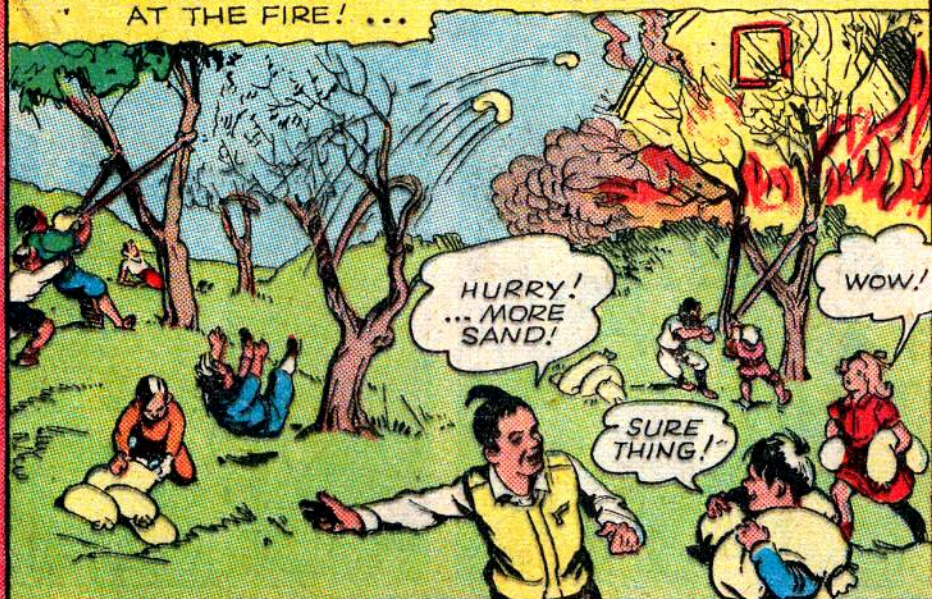
Bind--and SEND your Used Magazines to SELECTEES!







MAKING GIANT SLING SHOTS WITH THE RUBBER INNER TUBES, THE GANG HURLS PAPER SAND BAGS AT THE FIRE! ...



Meanwhile... FRANKIE STEIN GRABS ONE OF THE CULPRITS!



WHILE EDDIE ...

WELL, FRANKIE GOT **ONE** OF THEM ... I'LL LISTEN TO SEE IF I CAN HEAR WHERE THE OTHER GUY WENT TO!

I BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!

HE'S DOWN THERE IN THE BUSHES!

EDDIE ACTS! ...

HERE I COME! ... READY OR NOT!

OOOF!

THE LOCAL VOLUNTEERS RUSH TO THE SCENE OF THE FIRE ...

FEED 'ER GAS!

LET'S GO!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER ...

HEY! THE FIRE'S OUT!

SURE! WE PUT IT OUT!

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

HERE COMES EDDIE! HE'LL EXPLAIN!

WE CAUGHT 'EM!

THESE GUYS SET THE BARN ON FIRE. THEY'RE SPIES!

???



WHY-- INSPECTOR JONES
... AND CAPTAIN SMYTHE
... G-MEN! I CAN'T TELL
YOU HOW SORRY I AM--
ER--ER--I DON'T KNOW
HOW SUCH A
MISTAKE COULD
HAVE BEEN
MADE!

WHAT
...?



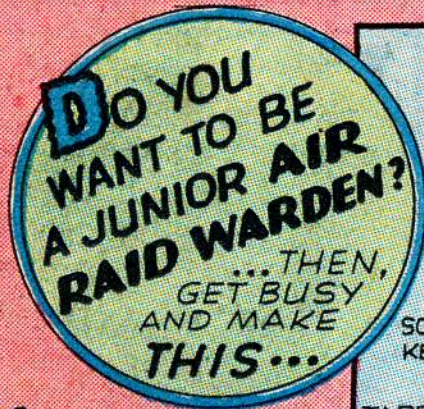
BUT...

HA! HA! HA!
WE WERE SENT HERE
TO SABOTAGE YOUR
BLACKOUT!
I HAVE A SWELL
REPORT FOR THE
FBI!!

YESSIR!
THESE KIDS
SURE
SABOTAGED
US!

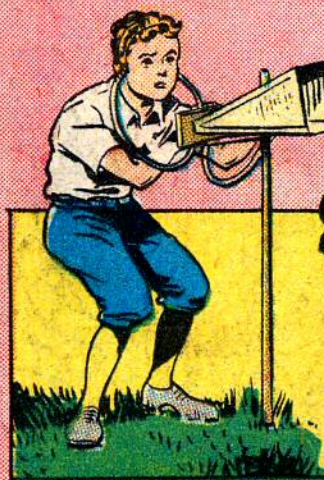


WELL... THAT'S
A LESSON... NEVER
TRY TO TELL A BOOK
BY IT'S COVER! --
GUESS WE SHOWED
WHAT WE'D DO
TO REAL SPIES,
THOUGH!



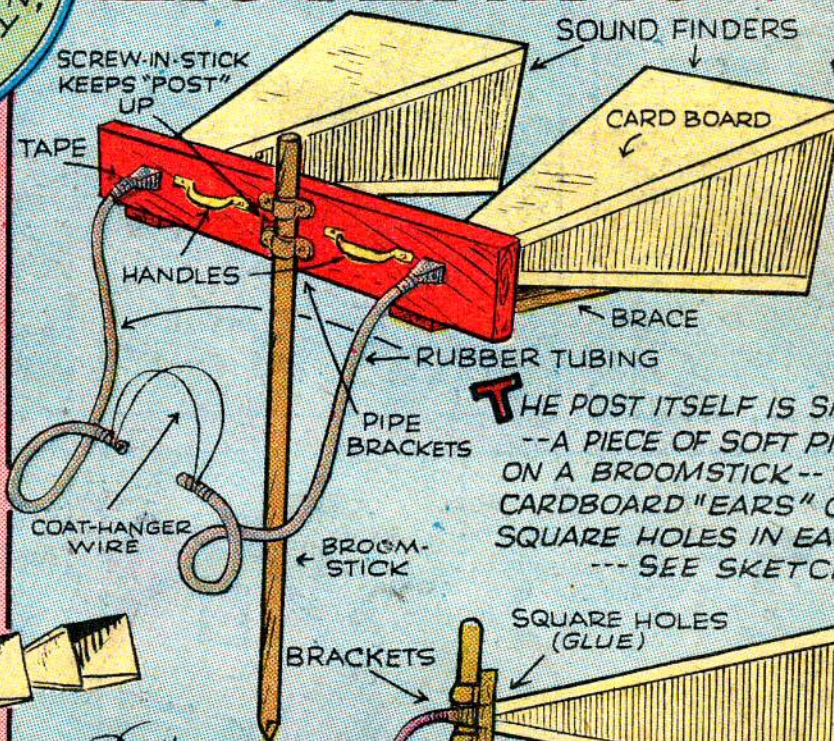
DO YOU
WANT TO BE
A JUNIOR AIR
RAID WARDEN?
... THEN,
GET BUSY
AND MAKE
THIS...

HERE IS ONE OF THE
LATEST ADAPTATIONS
BY EDISON BELL--FOR
YOUR USE-- OF A
DEVICE ACTUALLY IN
USE! YOU CAN MAKE
THIS WORKING MODEL
OF THE ARMY'S
LISTENING "EARS"!
--- READ ON ---



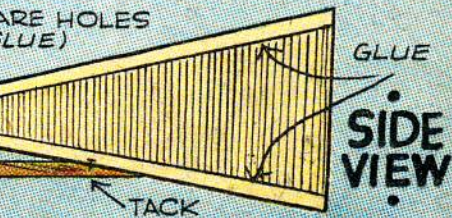
SIMPLY STICK THE
SHARPENED BROOM-
STICK INTO THE GROUND
--OR-- MOUNT IT ON A
BOX OR OTHER BASE.
NOW-- AIM THE SOUND
FINDERS IN A LIKELY
DIRECTION --AND
LISTEN!

JUNIOR AIR RAID WARDEN LISTENING POST



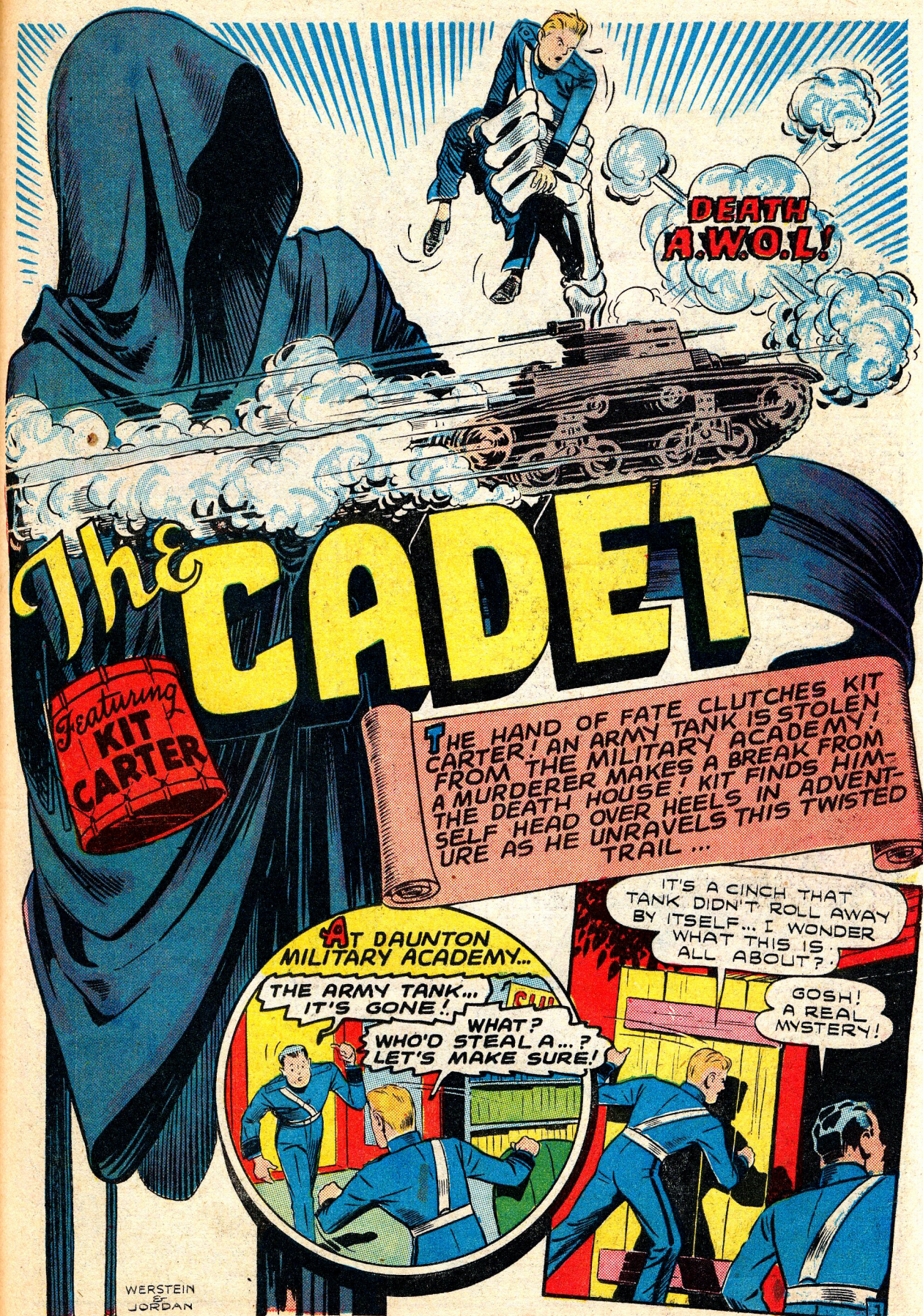
THE "EARS"
ON THIS MODEL
ARE MADE OF
FOUR TRIANGU-
LAR PIECES OF
CARDBOARD
GLUED
TOGETHER
AS SHOWN...

THE POST ITSELF IS SIMPLY MADE.
--A PIECE OF SOFT PINE, MOUNTED
ON A BROOMSTICK-- WITH THE
CARDBOARD "EARS" GLUED INTO
SQUARE HOLES IN EACH END.
--- SEE SKETCH.



SIDE
VIEW

THE "EARS" PICK UP A
DISTANT SOUND --AND
CONCENTRATES IT INTO
THE RUBBER TUBING...
--THEN INTO YOUR EARS!



**DEATH
A.W.O.L!**

The CADET

Featuring
**KIT
CARTER**

THE HAND OF FATE CLUTCHES KIT CARTER! AN ARMY TANK IS STOLEN FROM THE MILITARY ACADEMY! A MURDERER MAKES A BREAK FROM THE DEATH HOUSE! KIT FINDS HIMSELF HEAD OVER HEELS IN ADVENTURE AS HE UNRAVELS THIS TWISTED TRAIL ...

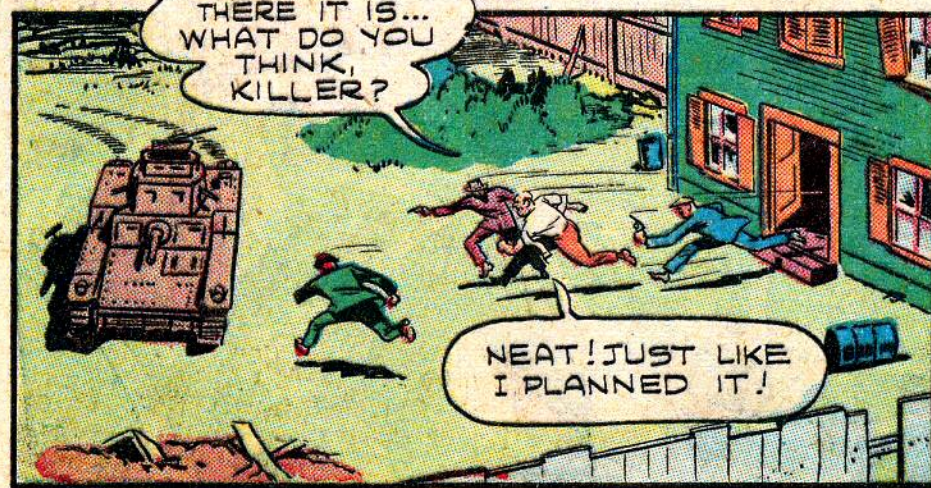
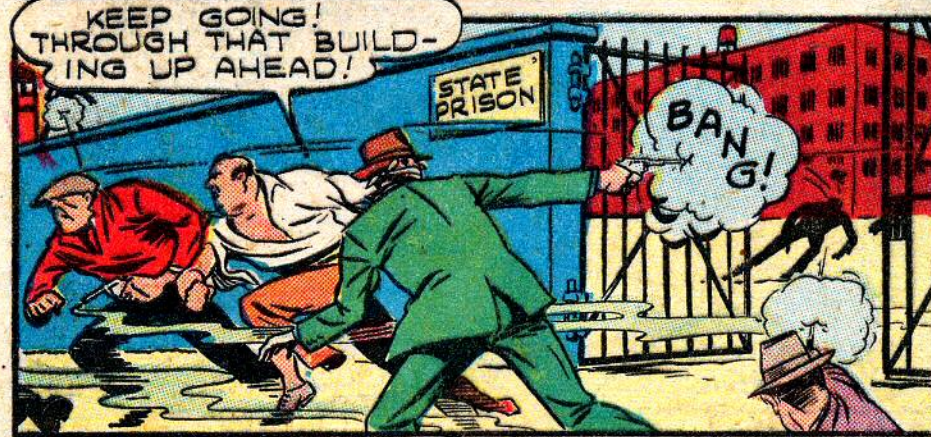
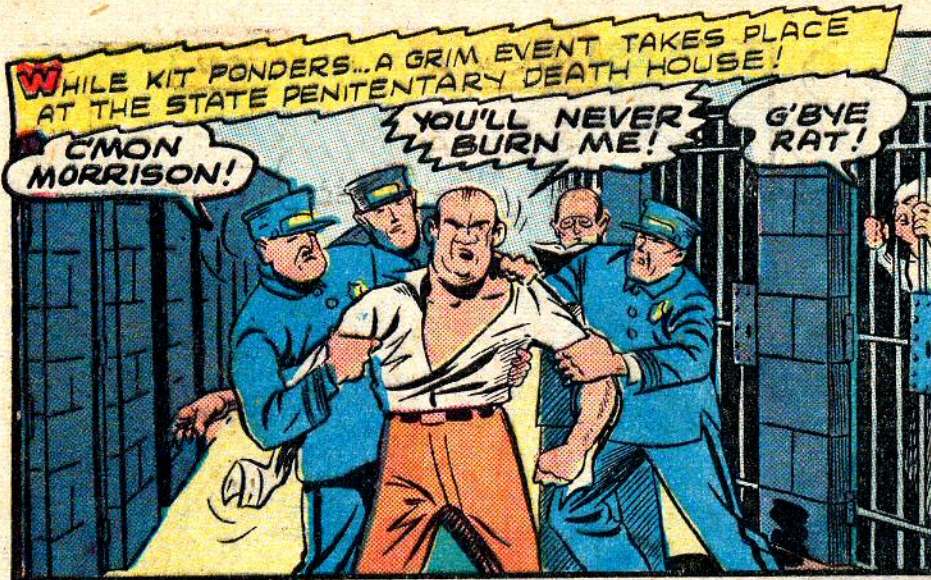
AT DAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY...

THE ARMY TANK...
IT'S GONE!

WHAT?
WHO'D STEAL A...?
LET'S MAKE SURE!

IT'S A CINC THAT
TANK DIDN'T ROLL AWAY
BY ITSELF... I WONDER
WHAT THIS IS
ALL ABOUT?

GOSH!
A REAL
MYSTERY!

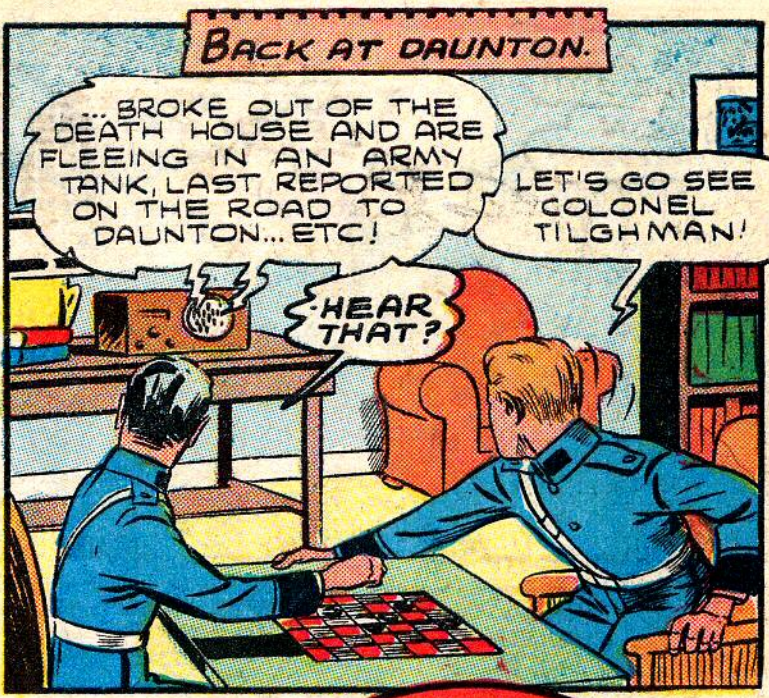




INSIDE THE TANK...

IT WAS EASY!
WE FORCED THE
REPORTERS' CAR INTO
A DITCH AND TOOK THEIR
CREDENTIALS!

SWELL!
NOW FOR THE
HIDEOUT!



BACK AT DAUNTON.

... BROKE OUT OF THE
DEATH HOUSE AND ARE
FLEEING IN AN ARMY
TANK, LAST REPORTED
ON THE ROAD TO
DAUNTON... ETC!

LET'S GO SEE
COLONEL
TILGHMAN!

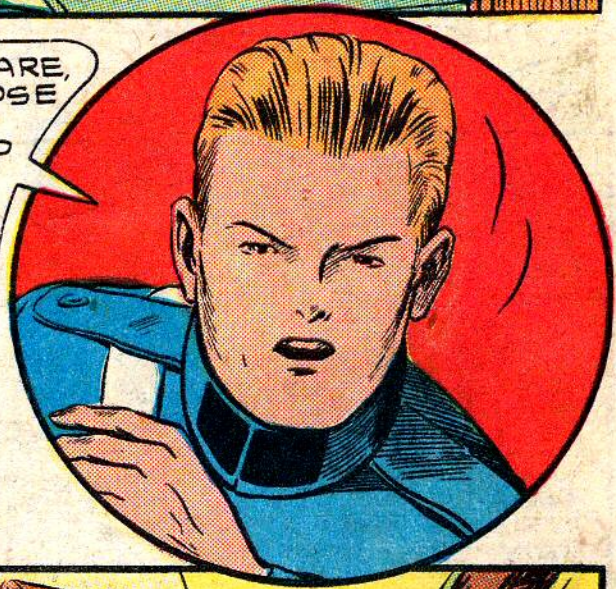
HEAR
THAT?



COLONEL TILGHMAN, WE'D
LIKE YOUR PERMISSION
TO CHASE THAT MURDERER
AND GET BACK OUR TANK!

BUT... THOSE MEN
ARE KILLERS!

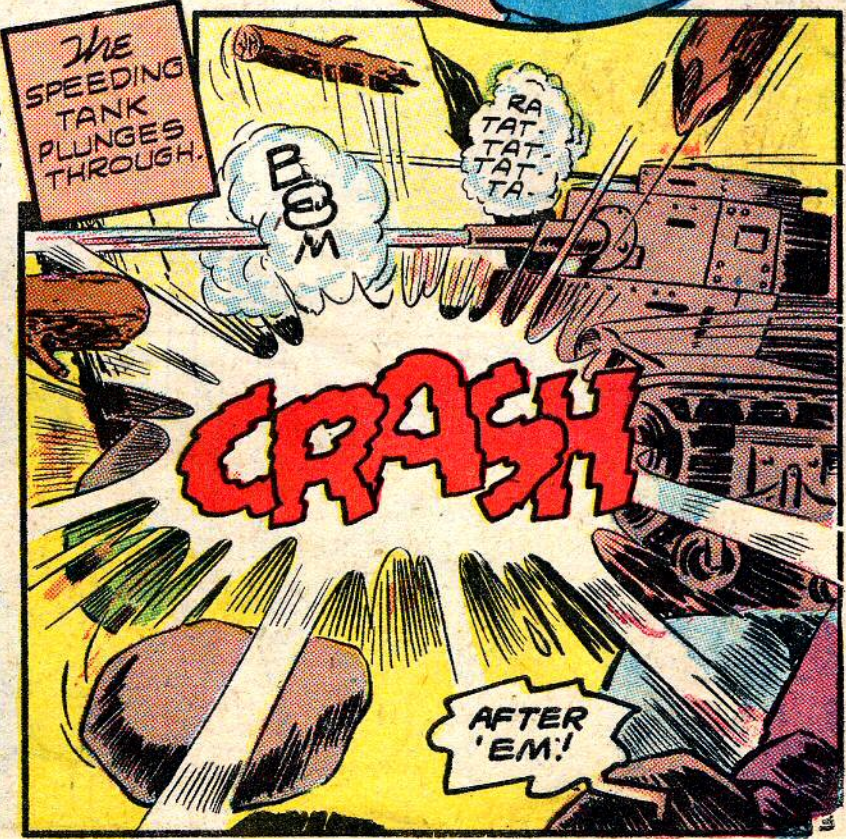
YES, THEY ARE,
SIR! BUT THOSE
MEN ARE A
MENACE TO
SOCIETY
AND MUST
BE PLACED
WHERE
THEY'LL DO
NO HARM!



KIT AND THE CADETS JOIN
THE POLICE...

CAPTAIN... LOOK!
HERE THEY
COME!

YOU'RE
RIGHT,
CARTER!



THE
SPEEDING
TANK
PLUNGES
THROUGH.

BOM

RA
TAT-
TAT-
TAT-
TA

CRASH

AFTER
'EM!

WATCH 'EM!
THEY'RE HEADING
FOR THE WOODS!

BANG!

THAT'S IT...
TURN OFF,
SPUD!

HUGE
BOULDERS
TRAP THE
TANK!

NUTS! NOW WE'LL
HAVE TO FIGHT
IT OUT
HERE!

OKAY.... WE'LL
FIGHT TILL
NIGHT... THEN
SCRAM!

KRUNCH

CLUNK

MEANWHILE...

FINE BUSINESS... WE HAVE
THEM TRAPPED BUT
CAN'T GET AT THEM !!

I HAVE A
PLAN!

WHAT
IS
IT?

GIVE ME
SOME TEAR
GAS BOMBS.
I'LL TRY AND
FLANK THEM!

KIT CLIMBS RIGHT OVER THE TANK,
WHERE ITS GUNS CAN'T REACH HIM...

I KNOW THE TANK
HAS NO A.A GUN
ON HER!

ONE FALSE MOVE ON
MY PART AND IT' WILL
BE THE "LATE"
KIT CARTER!

BANG!! BLAM!

DROPPING ON THE TANK, KIT THROWS A TEAR GAS BOMB THROUGH A FIRING SLIT!

TRY THIS PERFUME, BOYS, IT'S BECOMING!

WHAT TH?

I CAN'T SEE... COUGH... COUGH!

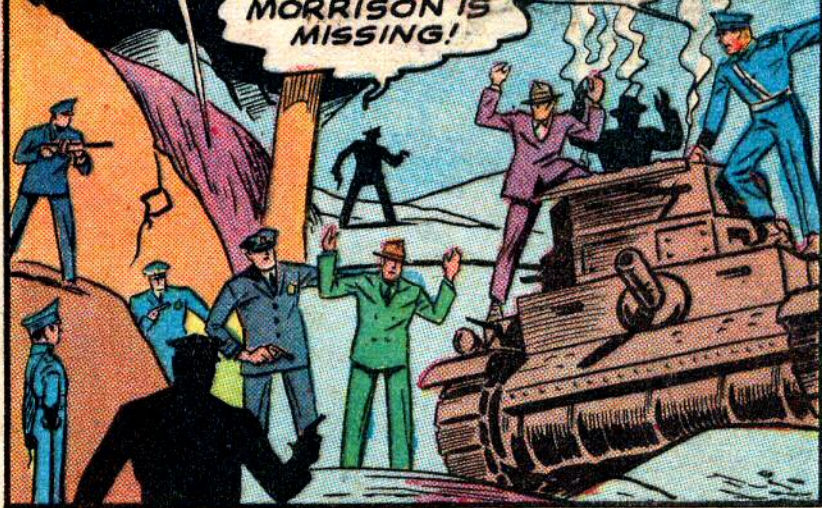


THE CRIMINALS SURRENDER...BUT IN THE CONFUSION, MORRISON SLIPS AWAY...

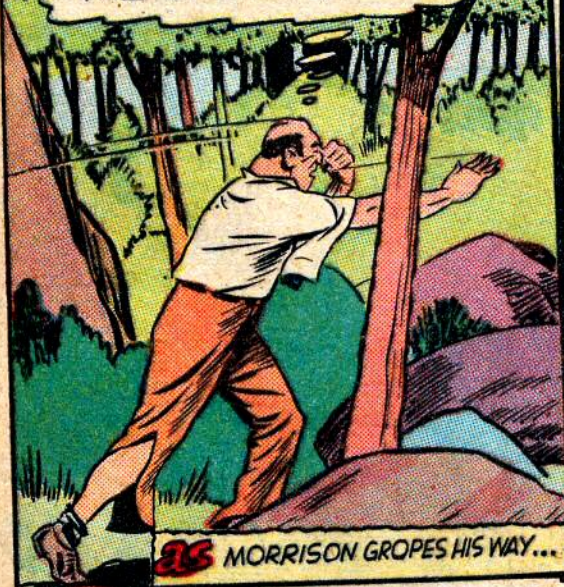
FINE WORK, CARTER!

CAPTAIN! MORRISON IS MISSING!

IT WAS NOTHING, SIR!



GOT TO GET AWAY... CAN'T SEE... I MUST REACH THE STONE QUARRY!



AS MORRISON GROPE HIS WAY...

AS NIGHT FALLS, THE POLICE .
GIVE UP THE SEARCH...

IT'S NO USE, BOYS... SURROUND THE WOODS AND WE'LL GET HIM IN THE MORNING!



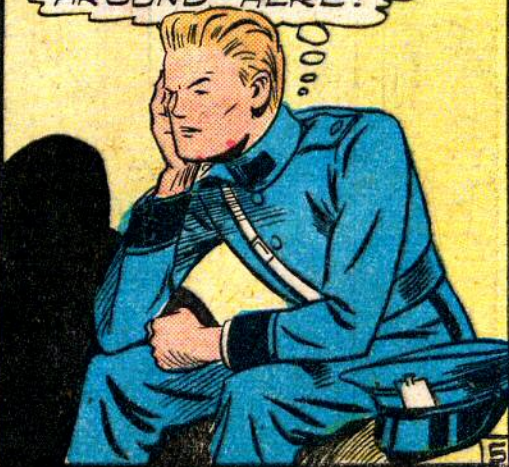
AT THE STONE QUARRY...

HAH! I GAVE 'EM THE SLIP... BUT I'LL NEED FOOD SO I CAN HIDE OUT HERE... I'LL TAKE A CHANCE TOMORROW NIGHT!



THE NEXT DAY PASSES WITH NO SIGN OF MORRISON... KIT THINKS THE SITUATION OVER...

HMM... ALMOST TWENTY FOUR HOURS... HE MUST BE GETTING HUNGRY! THAT'S IT. I'LL JUST KEEP AN EYE ON PAT'S DINER. IT'S THE ONLY EATING PLACE AROUND HERE!



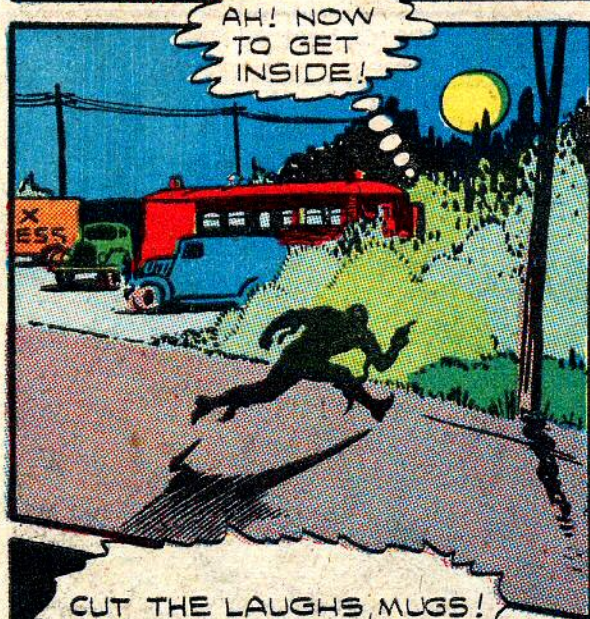


GOSH! THREE HOURS ALREADY...
MY HUNCH SEEMS
TO BE A "DUD"!

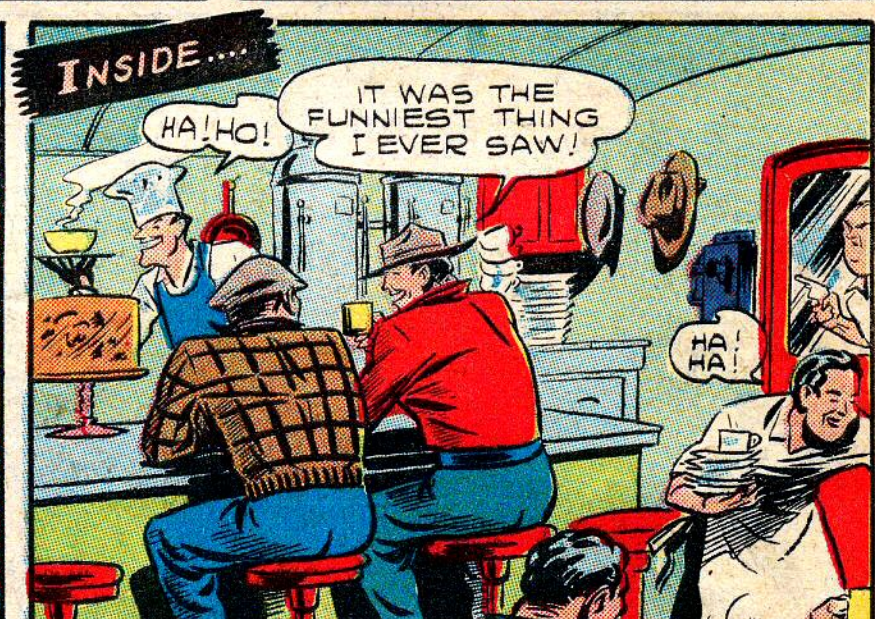


MEANWHILE... THE PANGS OF HUN-
GER GNAW AT "KILLER"!

FOOD! IF I CAN ONLY GET
TO THE DINER DOWN
THE ROAD!



AH! NOW
TO GET
INSIDE!

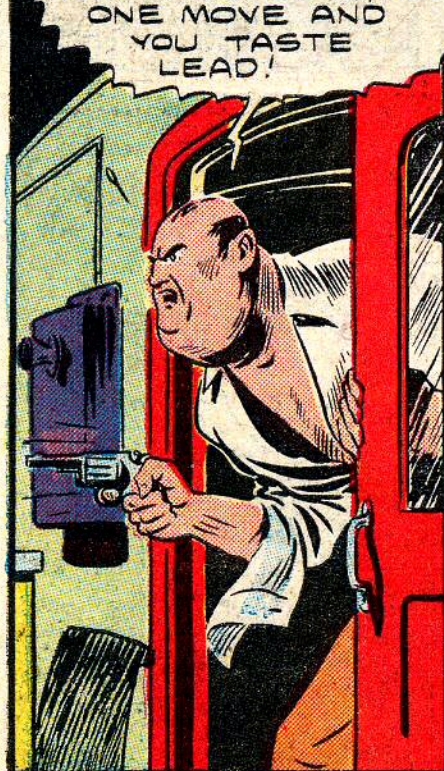


INSIDE....

HA! HO!

IT WAS THE
FUNNIEST THING
I EVER SAW!

HA!
HA!



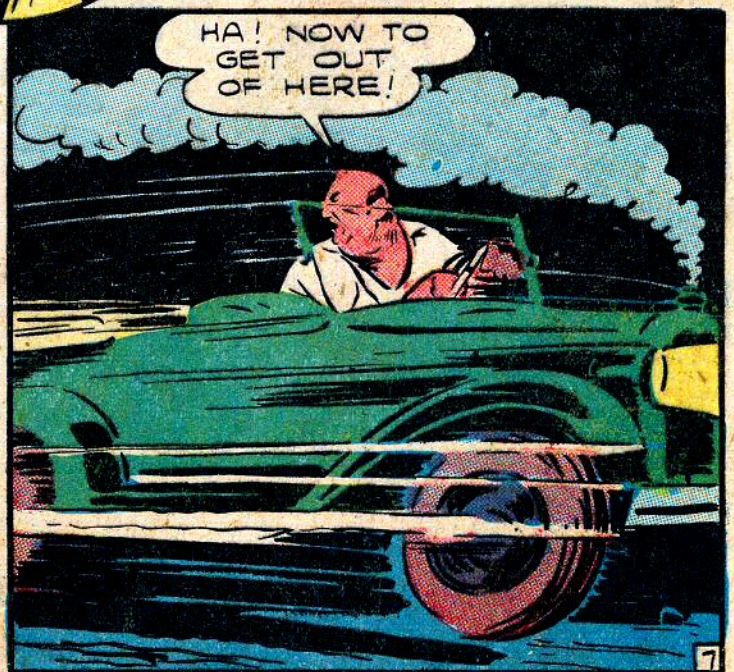
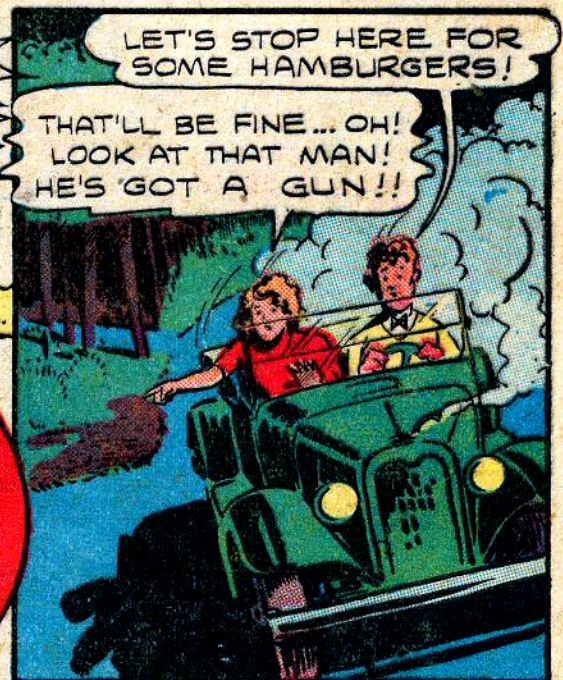
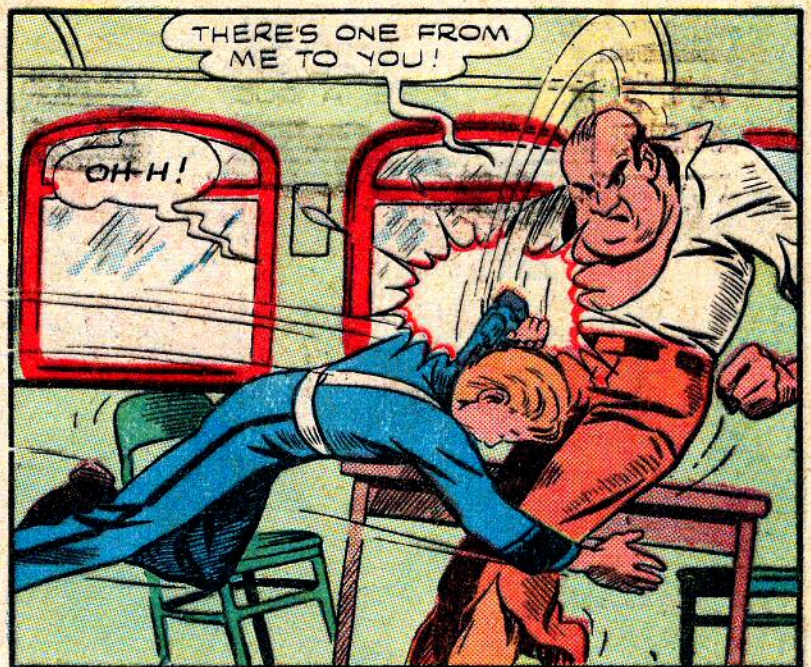
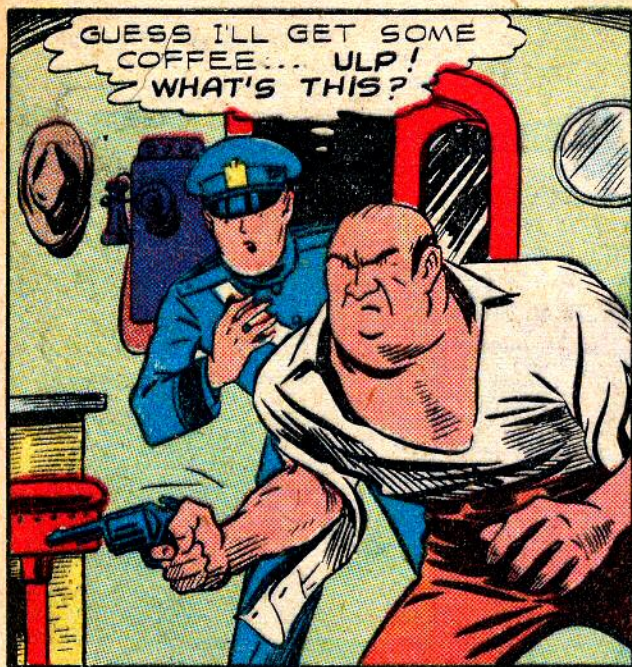
CUT THE LAUGHS, MUGS!
ONE MOVE AND
YOU TASTE
LEAD!



NOW THEN,
CHEF... PUT UP SOME
FOOD FOR ME, OR I'LL
LET YOU HAVE A SLUG,
AS SURE AS MY NAME
IS MORRISON!



GOSH!
IT'S THE
KILLER!





THERE HE GOES! LET'S GET AFTER HIM!

INTO MY TRUCK, C'MON!

WE'LL FOLLOW YOU GUYS!



WE'VE GOT TO GO SOME!

DON'T WORRY, BUD. BABY HERE WILL CATCH 'IM!



THEY'RE CLOSING IN ON ME! I MUST DO SOMETHING... QUICK!

THE KILLER BARRICADES THE ROAD WITH THE STOLEN CAR!



THERE! NOW TO SCRAM!



WHAT A CRASH!

CRASH

LOOK OUT!

THE OTHERS PULL UP!

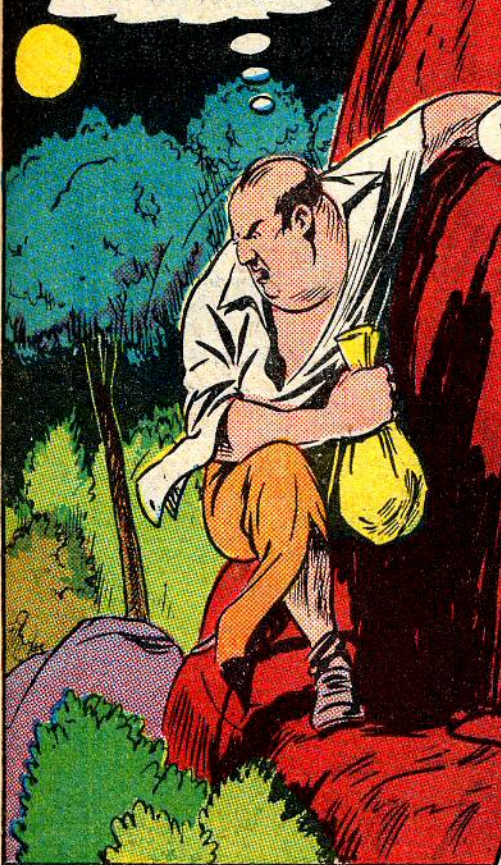
WE MUST BEAT THE WOODS FOR HIM! HE'LL HEAD FOR THE STONE QUARRY!

THE KID'S RIGHT! WE CAN'T WAIT FOR THE COPS TOM CALLED UP FOR... SO LET'S GO!



LIKE A HUNTED HUNGRY BEAST THE MURDERER STUMBLES THROUGH THE WOODS...

I HEAR THEM COMING CLOSER... I MUST REACH THE CAVES!



KIT AND THE REST CLOSE IN!

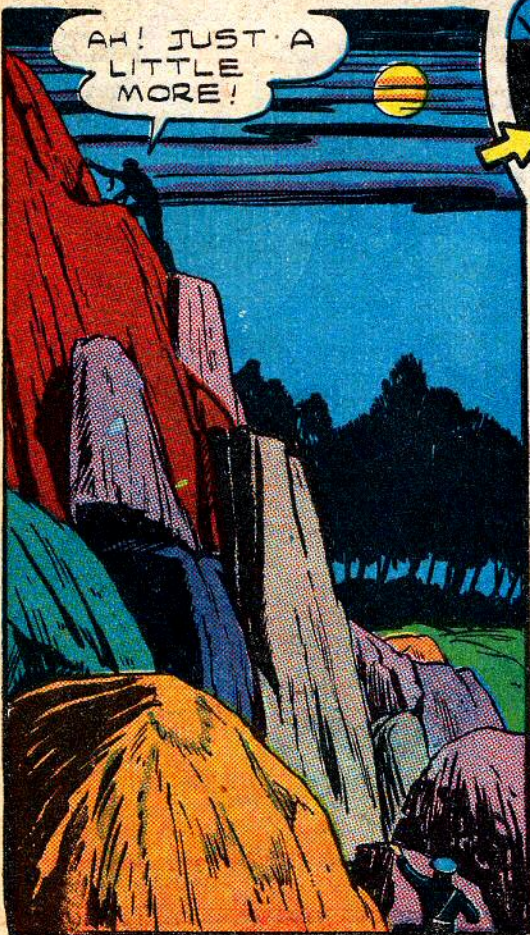
STICK CLOSE, BOYS. HE'S HEADING FOR THE CAVES!

IF WE CAN ONLY HEAD HIM OFF!

WE'RE TOO LATE! HE'S THERE, NOW!



AH! JUST A LITTLE MORE!

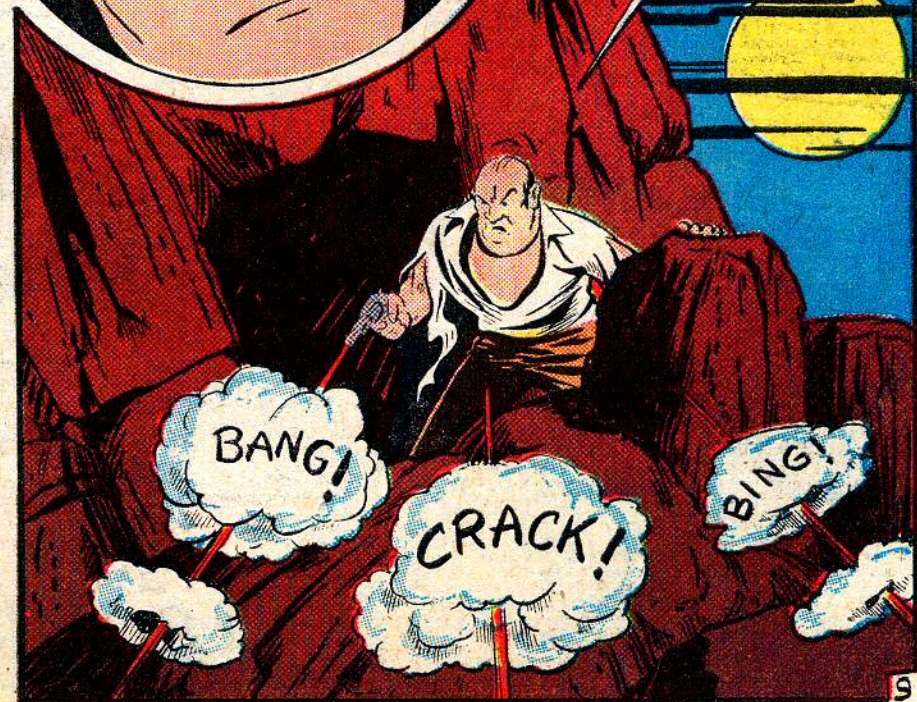


THERE THAT'LL MAKE 'EM STAY WHERE THEY ARE!

BANG!

CRACK!

BING!

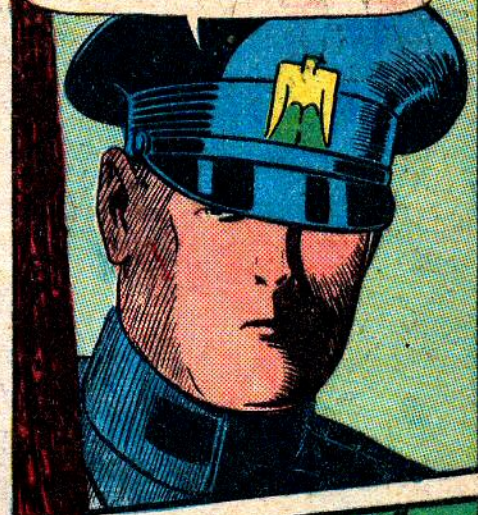
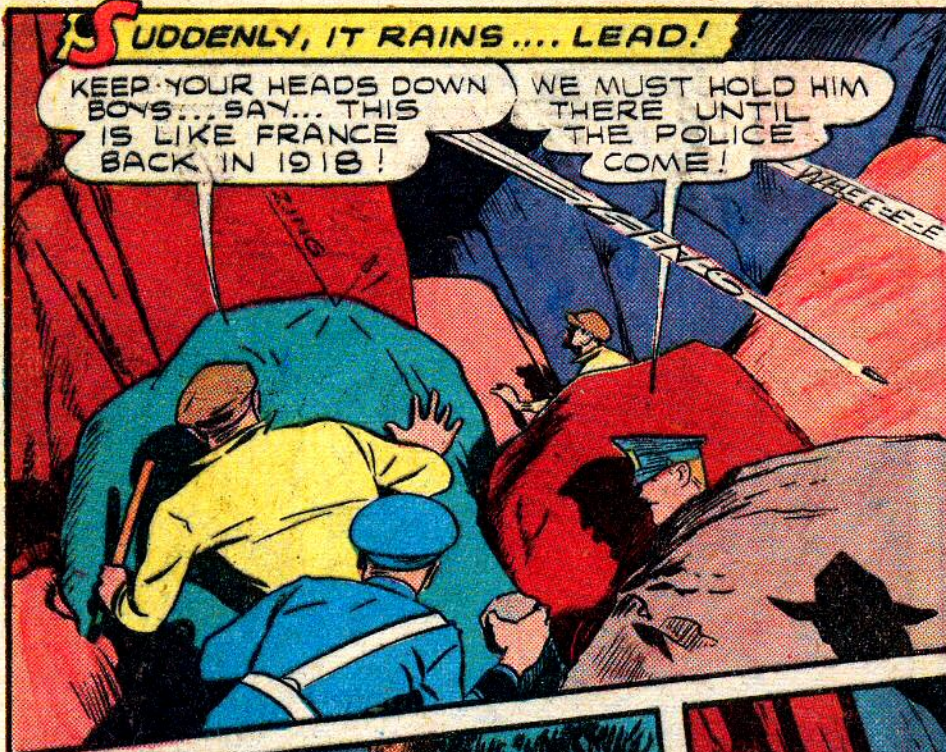


SUDDENLY, IT RAINS LEAD!

KEEP YOUR HEADS DOWN
BOYS... SAY... THIS
IS LIKE FRANCE
BACK IN 1918!

WE MUST HOLD HIM
THERE UNTIL
THE POLICE
COME!

WAIT! I'VE AN IDEA!
I'LL GET ABOVE HIM SO
THAT HE CAN'T SNEAK
OUT OF THE CAVE!



HERE I GO
AGAIN!

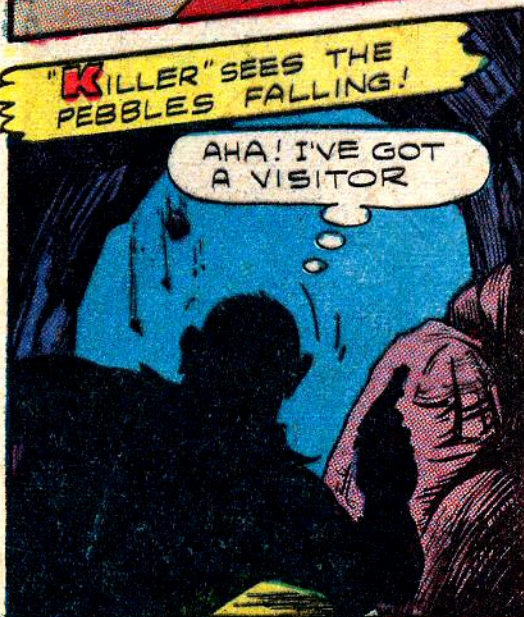


I'M RIGHT OVER THE
CAVE... NOW I
CAN WATCH
HIM!



**"KILLER" SEES THE
PEBBLES FALLING!**

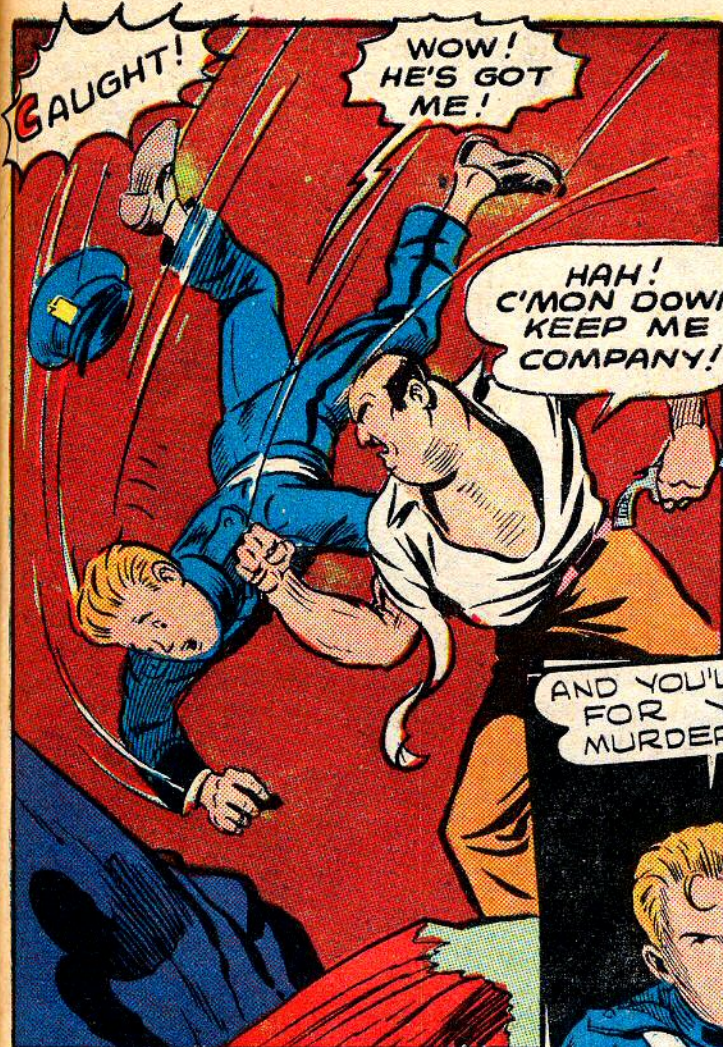
AHA! I'VE GOT
A VISITOR



WHILE UP
ABOVE...

WONDER IF I CAN SEE
ANYTHING?

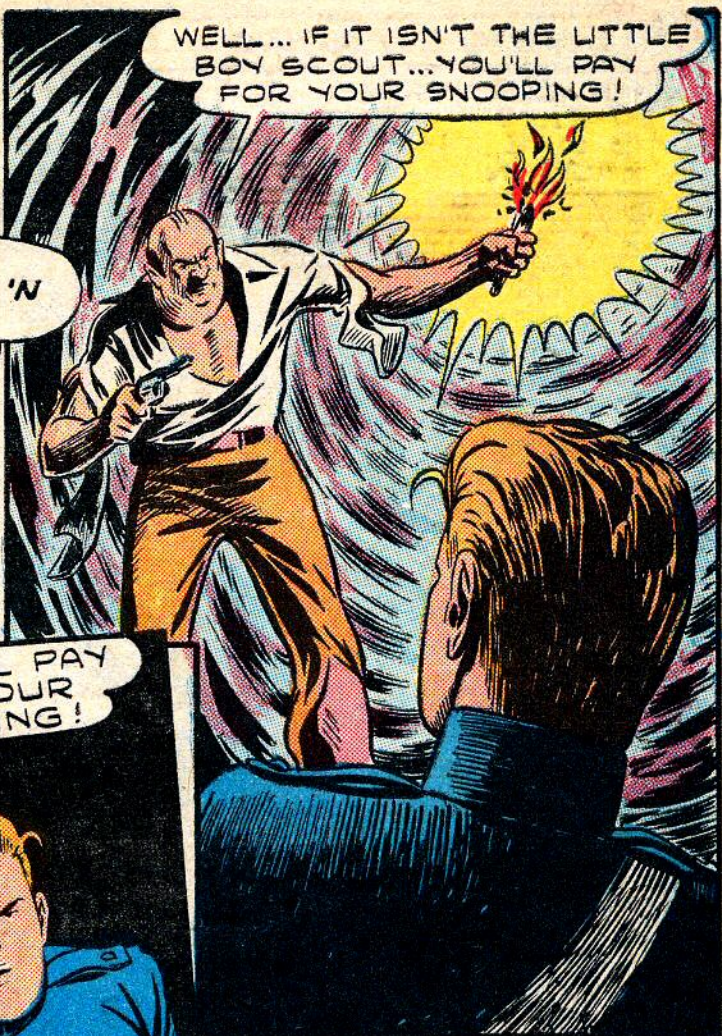




WOW!
HE'S GOT
ME!

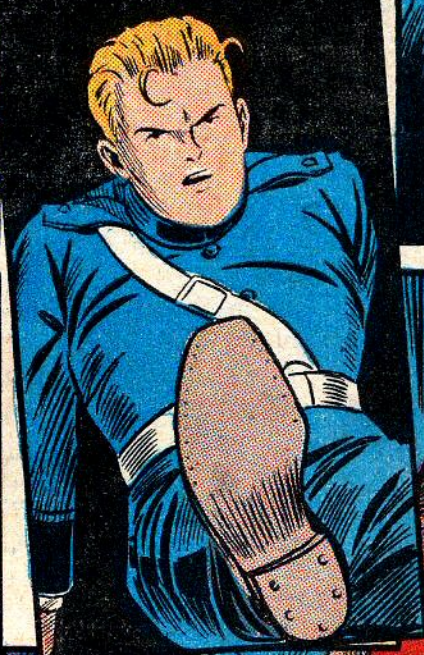
CAUGHT!

HAH!
C'MON DOWN 'N
KEEP ME
COMPANY!



WELL... IF IT ISN'T THE LITTLE
BOY SCOUT... YOU'LL PAY
FOR YOUR SNOOPING!

AND YOU'LL PAY
FOR YOUR
MURDERING!

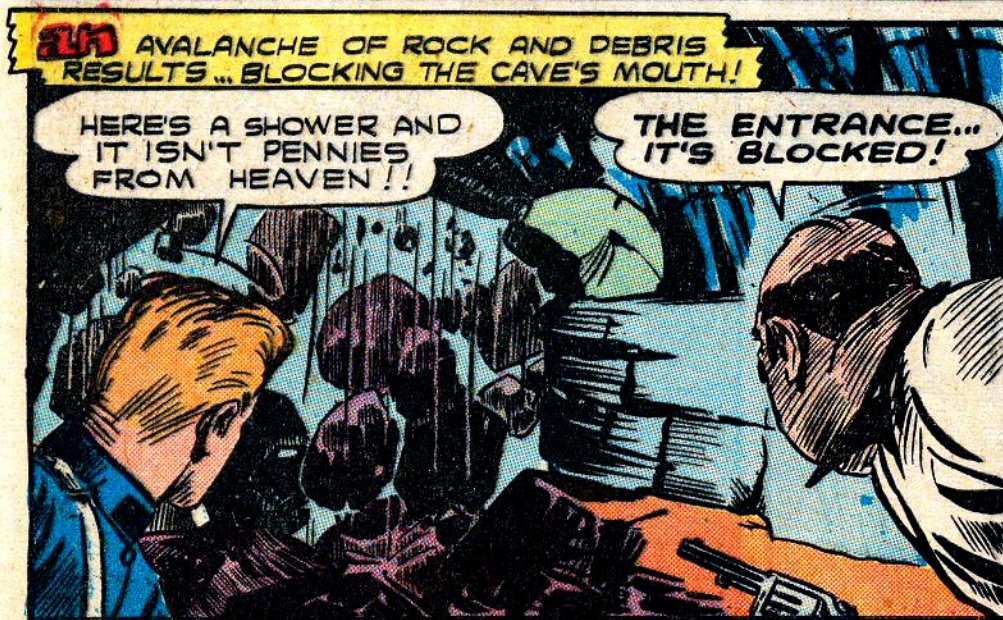
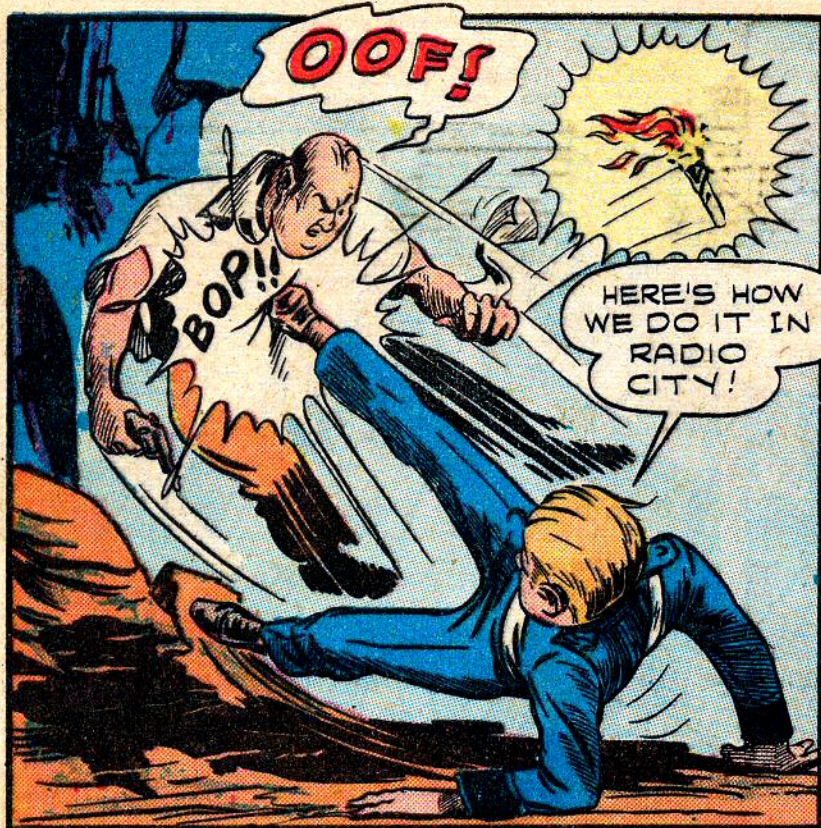


SHUT UP!!
BETTER REMEMBER
THOSE WORDS...
THEY'RE THE LAST
ONES YOU'LL EVER
SPEAK!



GOOLY, THE
MURDERER TAKES
AIM!!

GOODBYE,
SONNY
BOY!



OUTSIDE 000

GOSH! I WONDER
WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO
THE CADET? HE'S
BEEN GONE A
LONG TIME!

THAT SHOT INSIDE THE
CAVE...MAYBE HE
GOT THE KID!

I WISH THE
COPS WOULD
GET HERE!

MEANWHILE...

OKAY, BOYS! THIS
IS THE PLACE! WE'LL
HAVE TO HIT
THE WOODS!

YEAH! THEY'RE
UP AT THE
QUARRY!

LATER

HOORAY!
THE COPS!

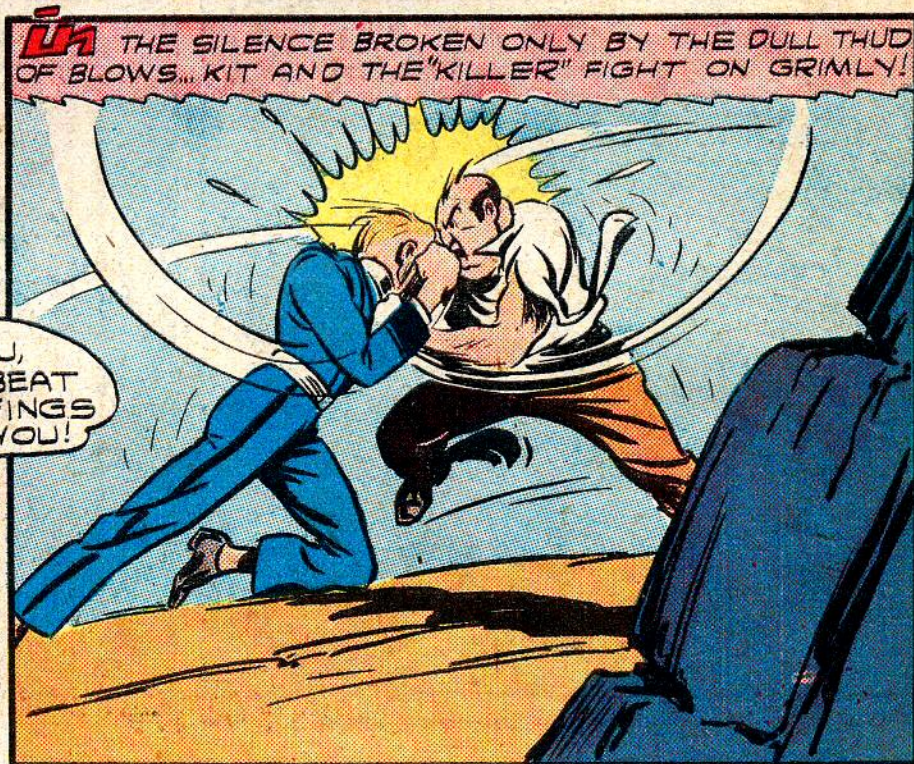
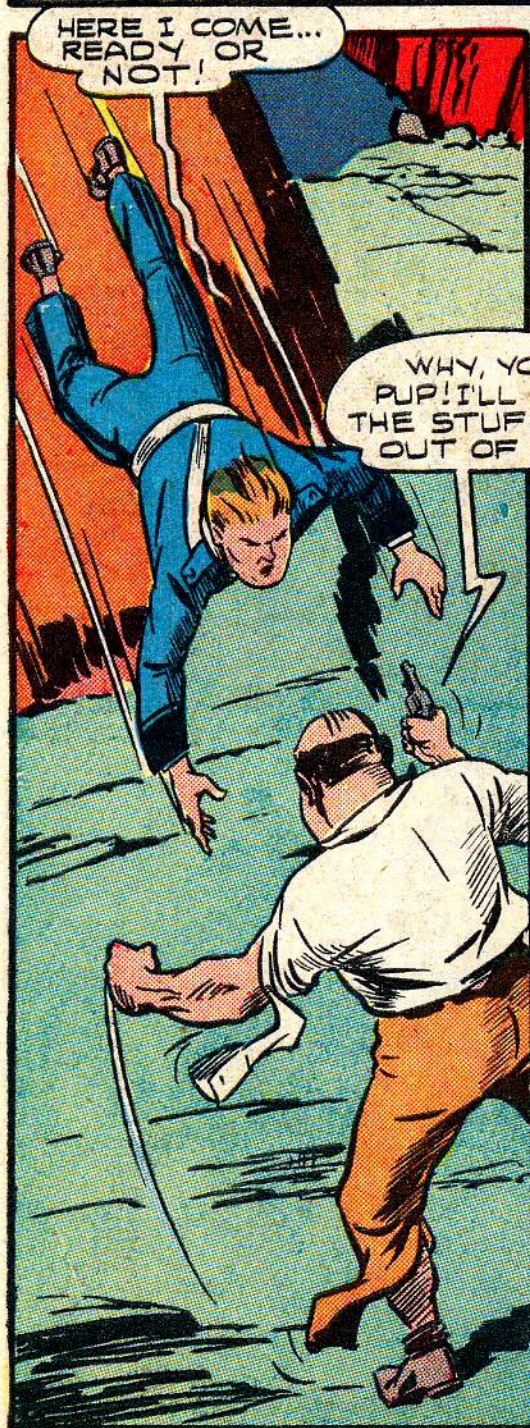
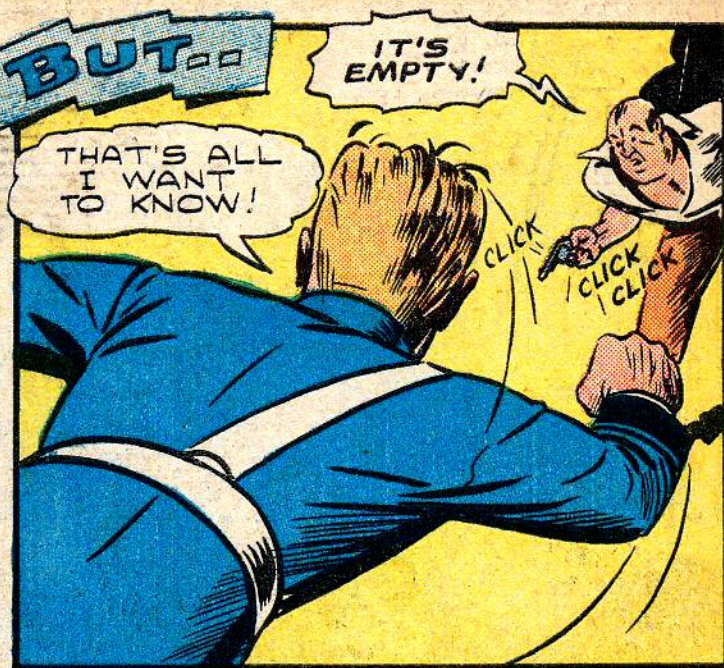
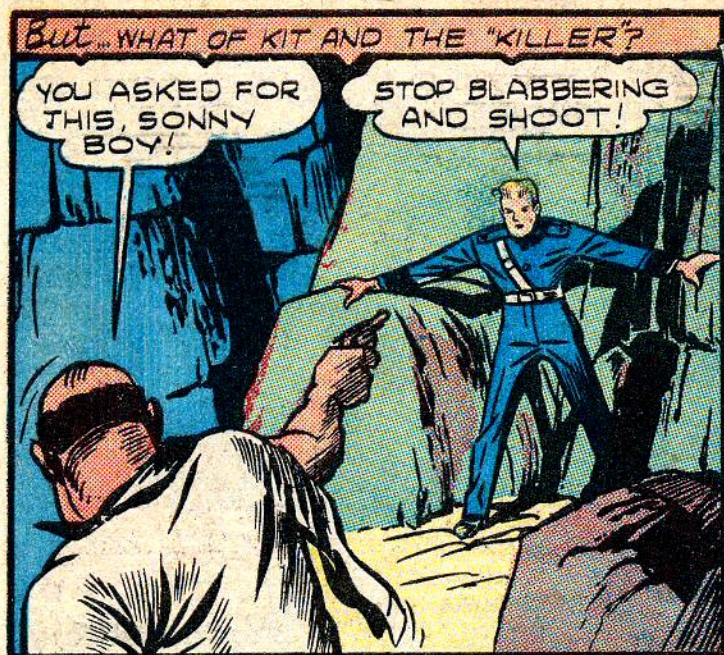
ARE WE GLAD
TO SEE
YOU!

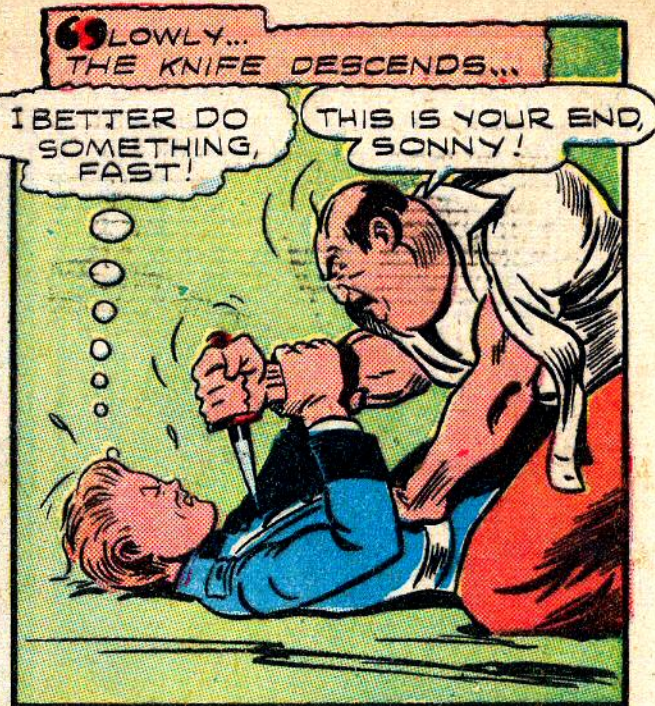
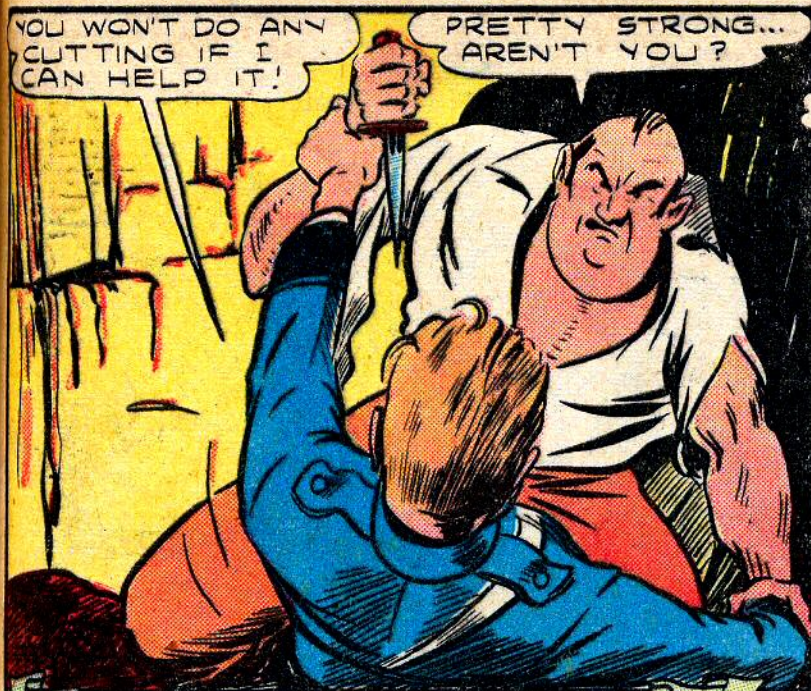
OKAY!
WHAT GOES
ON HERE?

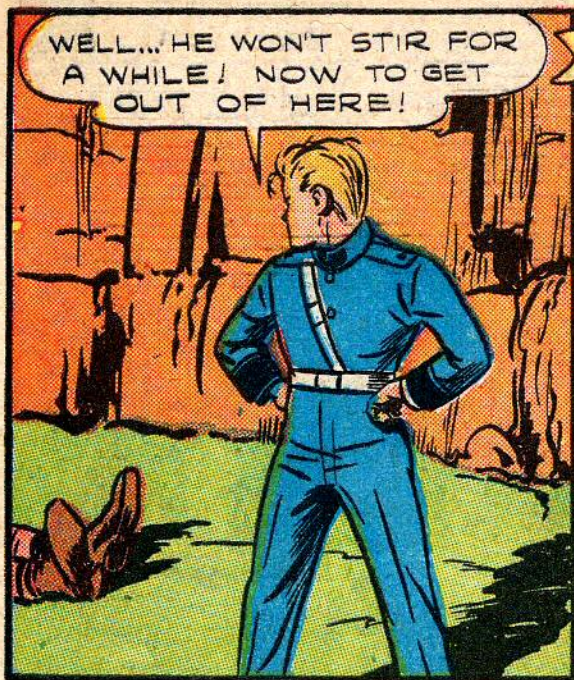
MORRISON'S IN
THAT CAVE AND THE
CADET WENT AFTER
HIM... WE HAVEN'T
HEARD FROM THE
KID SINCE ...

OKAY, BOYS, LET'S GO!
IF HE'S HARMED
THAT CADET...

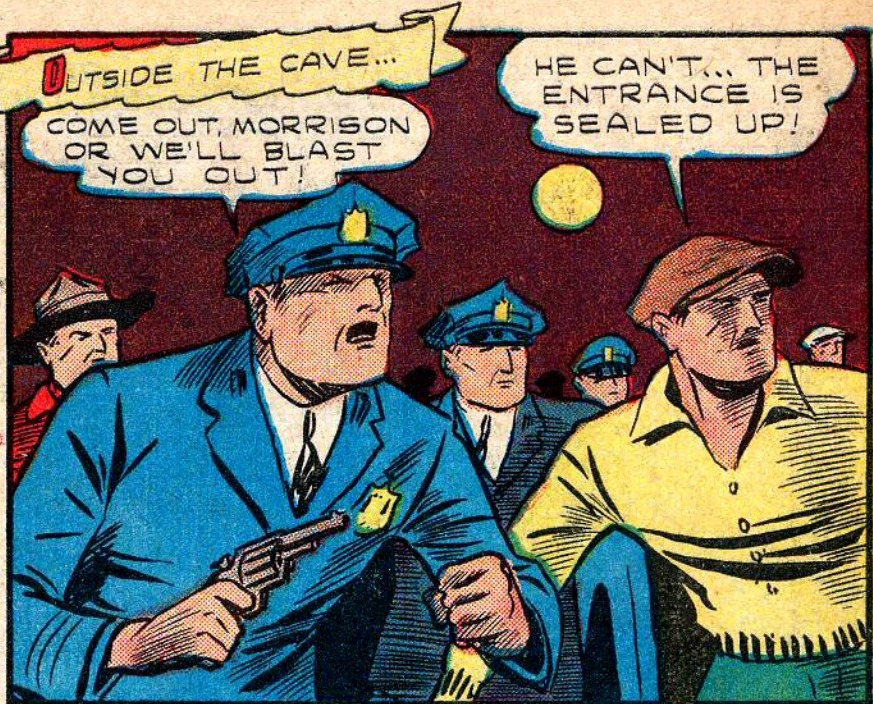
...WE'LL KNOW WHAT
TO DO WITH
HIM!







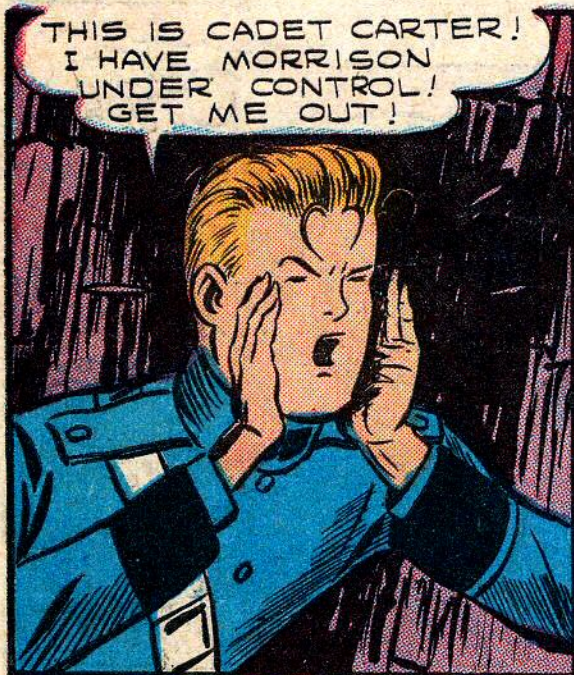
WELL... HE WON'T STIR FOR A WHILE! NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE!



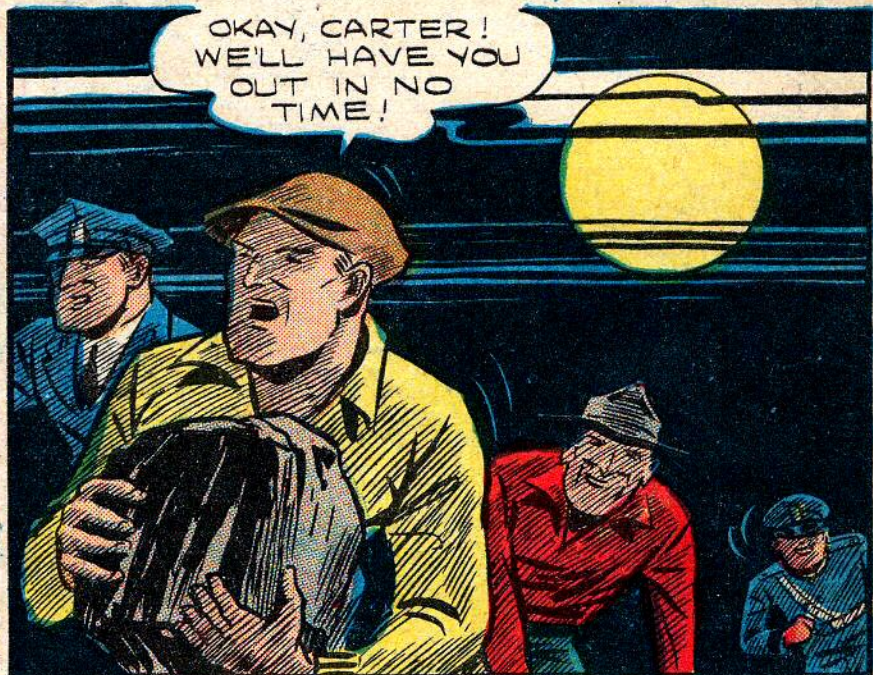
OUTSIDE THE CAVE...

COME OUT, MORRISON OR WE'LL BLAST YOU OUT!

HE CAN'T... THE ENTRANCE IS SEALED UP!



THIS IS CADET CARTER! I HAVE MORRISON UNDER CONTROL! GET ME OUT!



OKAY, CARTER! WE'LL HAVE YOU OUT IN NO TIME!



LATER...

THIS TIME KILLER, WE'LL MAKE SURE YOU FRY... BUT GOOD!

NUTS!

GOOD WORK, KIT!

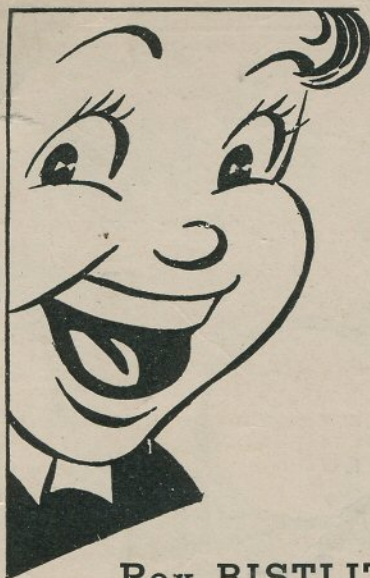
I'M JUST LUCKY!



WHAT DO YOU KNOW... THEY JUST MADE ME AN HONORARY MEMBER OF THE POLICE FORCE!

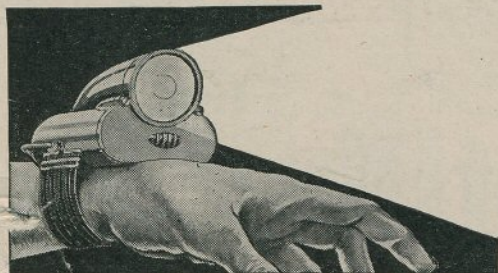
the CADET
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IN
TARGET COMICS

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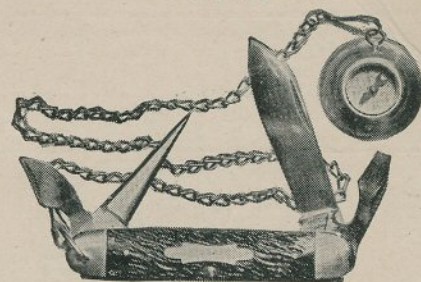


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with
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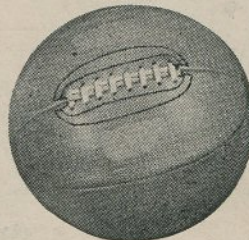
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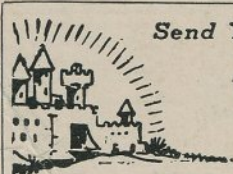
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